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POETRY.

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Poetry has been and is now looked upon as the sole instrument of pleasure, sensual pleasure. We claim for Poetry a much higher function. It gives pleasure, as religion does, not in the sense in which that term is generally understood. Its pleasures are not those which the baser passions seek. They are spiritual in their nature. Whether viewed in the star-lit dome, in the changing hues of fleeting clouds, in the waving of the breeze agitated forest, or contemplated in the Iliad of Homer, in the awful and soul inspiring flight of Milton, in the "bearded majesty" of Moses, in the gorgeous natural description of Job, in the rough and rapid vehemence of Ezekiel, in the seraphic strains of David, its mission is to lift the soul to that eminence in which it can, not only receive the transient pleasures of earth but also bask in the heavenly rays of God's beauty in the universe until it reaches the ideal of the true, the beautiful and the good—God.

FIRST. It is necessary that we should consider briefly, the mental faculties in their relation to poetry. In investi-

gating the operations of the mind, we are constrained to believe that there are within it mighty feelings, swelling emotions and grand ideas. We are conscious of this mighty system we live in—the illimitable fields of living green before us—the everlasting hills in perennial snow reposing in eternal cold in the distance—the blue immensity above us with its countless host of shining stars and from all these innumerable objects with which we are surrounded, impressions are conveyed to the mind through the medium of the senses, and this we denominate perception.

Again, we discover within ourselves the capacity of remoulding and retaining certain notions representing objects perceived by us, and we are, to some extent, able to arrange and classify the same, this we call reflection.

Moreover, we are conscious of certain feelings and desires; we feel the slow but sure influence of sleep creeping over us, a craving for food and drink, and these we denominate propensities, or because they have their origin in our lower nature, we call them animal feelings.

We are also conscious of a longing for the good will and approbation of others and feel a kind of self complacency towards ourselves, these we name the social feelings. But there remains yet a nobler class of feelings—more divine—more God-like—the moral sentiments. These by a kind of higher perception lift man from all that is low, degrading and earthly to a conscious union with the True, the Beautiful and the Good—which three in one sublime synthesis leads to an ever glorious concrete spirituality—the Absolute—the All, from whose presence flows perennially streams of Goodness, Beauty and Truth. The moral faculties in their mode of operation partake of the nature of the feelings. He who is endowed with unique spiritual or mental being, feels with exquisite sensibility the satisfaction that swells the bosom in the consciousness of duty well performed, in the divine emotion of pity and super-human benevolence, in the awe-inspiring sense of an Universal Pres-

ence, whose volition sustains this mighty theatre with its myriad hosts of living actors. While the moral sentiments in the mode of their action resemble the feelings, yet in respect to the objects to which they are directed they partake of the nature of the perceptive. As the perceptive reveal to us, directly and presentatively, material existences, forms, colors, &c., and when by the aid of the reflective they are put in abstract forms, which are then capable of being contemplated in logical sequence; so also the moral sentiments unfold to us immediately, all the higher elements of Goodness, Beauty and Truth and from these we are led to a concrete essence—a divine personality—an “I am,” whose radiating presence shines in the eternal splendor of uncreated loveliness.

SECOND. The essence of poetry. Having contemplated the grand objects of the moral sentiments; we will now consider more especially one member—the Beautiful, of this Triune objective being.

The Beautiful, the sense of which, or the faculty by which it is cognized, is invariably called imagination. The most eminent of philosophers gives precedence to this of all the logical or reasoning powers. The sense of the Beautiful (imagination) is the subjective essence of Poetry in the human mind. Thus the Poet having within him the power to perceive, appreciate and admire the Beautiful receives not only instruction, but also, instinctively, imparts it to others. To the degree this faculty is systematically and harmoniously developed, to that degree will he be a successful teacher of the Beautiful in nature animate and inanimate.

The intellectual nature must be rigidly cultivated so that the Poet may perceive the deep truths of God welling up perpetually, in the murmuring brook as well as in the ceaseless wave, in the grassy moss as well as in the immensity of space. Coleridge insisted that “a great Poet must also be a great philosopher.”

When the Poet, in an auspicious moment, views with a seer's eye and a philosopher's intellect, this wonderful system with all its ponderous concomitants—the million insects in the sparkling drop—the leviathan in the foaming deep—the earth with its limitless plains—the over-canopying arch with its numberless galaxies and from these with lightning speed he visits system after system hastening through space with incredible velocity; nor does he rest here, but mounts upward through the bewildering mazes of eternity till he arrives in the very presence of Jehovah, whose uncreated essence emits perpetually brilliant rays of Goodness, Beauty and Truth. The Poet then descends through grade after grade of bright ministering spirits in the world of light, till ultimately he reaches that insignificant personality—me. Comparatively a cipher, relatively of infinite importance. The beauty of the spirit of man is proverbial, its pristine glory disdains mortal descent, it boasts of oneness in nature with the Infinite. But wherein does this beauty consist? When the soul acts in accordance with truth, there is beauty absolute, perfect, complete. Truth is an abstract principle; Goodness is the embodiment of this principle into action—or life; for life is action. Beauty is the ceaseless, uninterrupted flow of Truth into action. This is the highest type of beauty, an ideal of that perfect Beauty which exists in an extravagant profusion in the divine mind and is revealed to us in thousand ways from the glistening canopy above to the microscopic glow-worm beneath our feet.

But Truth cannot remain an abstract principle, its very nature necessitates its embodiment. The soul alone can win truth from the realms of abstraction and bid it walk the golden pavement of concreteness, in its pristine glory; and when this glorious transition takes place, harmoniously, uninterruptedly, then Beauty shines in her perennial splendor. Where the intellect holds universal sway, there is perceptible a certain coldness and hardness; where the

passions reign supreme, then the sensuous will be present ; but where the intellect and passions are the willing subjects of the moral sentiments, there, is a heavenly splendor, a majesty not of earth—the very image of Jehovah.

THIRD. The functions of Poetry. The picture book leads the child to unravel the mysteries of learning ; the grace and beauty of her the loveliest of her race, leads the youth to the ennobling duties of a husband ; the tyrannical sway of the Egyptians developed in the Israelites a divine appreciation of the “land flowing with milk and honey”—free as the winds of heaven ; the ceremonial slavery of the Jewish theocracy lead to the glorious, universal and perpetual freedom of christianity. God’s thought is beauty ; his creation represents certain modes of his thought, then this system—His creation, personates His Beauty. Furthermore, God’s mind is the all Beautiful or infinite in beauty, then (to all practical purposes) this universe must be an infinitely Beautiful one. We gaze upon the glittering ether—the mazes of cloudland, above us : What beautiful shapes float before us in endless variety and nameless forms—magnificent in their composition, how light, how placid, how gentle, how stately ! What massive structures, how imposing, how gorgeous ; here are topless spires, immeasurable cities, mountains and rocks in comparison with which the Andes and the Himalaya are but pigmy models ! What colors—hues of azure, of gold, of silver and lead, a perfect combination of the richest and the brightest, the gravest and the softest, which defies an Artist’s brush as well as a Poet’s genius ! We look around us and see in perennial innocence the earliest beams of the sun gilding the horizon, the rippling stream, the flowing brook and the majestic brow of the sky-cleaving mountain—a perpetual monument of the Divine Artist’s skill, a glory which time cannot destroy ! We gaze on the modest cowslip, the golden king-cups, the lake blue hyacinths, the fragrant wall-flower, the meekly delicate lily-of-the-valley, the “crimson tipped” daisy, the

blooming rose, and the flowery furze, how sublime, how lovely! Oh the grandeur, the glory and stillness of the setting sun—hues so fair, so bewitching, so subdued, blending myriad rays into a focus of superb splendor!

So the mind is irresistibly drawn on through the beauty-blazoned temple of nature, through the star-domed curtain and through the realms of infinite space to the Deity—the superb excellence of all Beauty, Goodness and Truth. The spectacle of the Eternal Beauty is all that is valuable in this life, all that is comforting in death and all that is blissful in the realms of cloudless, changeless day.

ONE NAME! ONE HEART! ONE AIM!

PRIZE SONG BY THOMAS D. SUPLEE.

AIR: *I wish I had a barrel of rum, &c.*

From every portion of our land,
To Princeton's shades we came,
Within her ancient, classic halls,
Our youthful minds to train;
But *here*, we know no difference,
A common bond we own,
The ties of lasting fellowship—
In name, and heart, we're one!

CHORUS.

From mountain peak to sea-girt shore,
Let Princeton's noble band
Prolong the song—thrill each heart's core,
Throughout our broad-spread land!
'Till forests, ringing with the sound,
Send back a glad refrain,
And mountain crags, in echo speak
Our *Alma Mater's* name!

United flows our youthful blood,
In spirit *one* we stand!
And linked in closest brotherhood,
Form an unbroken band.

By common sympathies impelled,
We know but one great aim,
To crown with honor, and exalt
Our foster parent's name!

CHORUS.

Unfurl her banner! let it wave
From Nassau's lofty spire!
That ever, while it floats on high,
It may our hearts inspire.
Upon its ample folds, inscribe,
In letters bright and fair,
A title, dear to every heart—
The name we proudly bear!

CHORUS.

And when again we separate,
From college friends and scenes,
And, on the battle-field of life,
Forget our early dreams;
May *Princeton's* name be ever new,
And love enkindled here,
Forever cherished, stronger grow,
With every passing year!

CHORUS.

RELIGION IN LITERATURE.

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

II. We leave, now, the picturesque forest-depths of the heathen systems of Religion, and enter the bright realm of the Christian faith, whose sky is darkened by no cloud of uncertainty, but lit, as it were, by "the stars that sing in Heaven." It would be more than idle for us to attempt to exhibit the great teachings of the Holy Oracles of God, for they already live in the universal heart of Christendom, therefore, we have determined only to survey the extensive fields of modern literature in order to discover to what extent this all essential monotheistic religion is incorporated in the

great web-work of Printed Thought. It has been a favorite idea of this essay to ascribe the creation of all theologies and systems of Religion, whether true or false, to the moral element in man; and through that deep spiritual fountain flow "the waters of life" to humanity. Now, when the living soul of man is permeated by the living truths of the holy Christian Religion—when from this spring of his spiritual life there gushes forth the sweet transparent waters of a Divine Revelation, no laborious observation is needed to trace the course and windings of these streams as they flow down from the towering heights of the human mind into the great illimitable ocean of Printed Thought.

The Bible is *embalmed in Alexandrian Literature.

Were a wind of desolation to sweep from existence every copy of the Bible in every tongue under Heaven, it would require no great antiquary to carve from the conglomerata of Alexandrian Literature the Eternal Word revealed of God. The innumerable works of the Apostolic Fathers, as Clement and his noble compeers were called—all contain within themselves the unapproachable word of an offended God and a mediating Savior. *Religion* is the gravitating force that ever keeps in motion the expanse of limitless thought.

In the realm of Poetry the mind of Twenty Centuries delights in the ideals living on every page of the Holy Word. The thoughts of the Divine Mind have been elaborated and their beauty exhibited in new forms, suited to the fashion and taste of the age. Their compactness and unporosity, so to speak, have been neutralized by the genius of the artist, so as to give free and untrammelled access to the atmosphere of every finite mind. A burning glow of moral enthusiasm has been kindled in the human heart and the germ of God's love springs up in its gigantic strength, filling the whole earth with the fragrance of His infinite love. Every breeze comes laden with its precious flavor. The winds that sweep from his Empyrean Courts above, sing

*Alexander's "Evidences of Christianity."

in deep organ tones of His interceding Son. The Muse of Poetry, listening to the melting sigh of their tender lays, catches the spirit of the divine harmony and returns a ringing echo. The harps of Southey, and Byron, and Scott, and Shakspeare, have all been tuned by that divine intuition attainable only through the most assiduous devotion to the "giant angels of Hebrew song." They have drunk in their souls the imperishable beauty of the heavenly symphony—they have been charged with that light that fires the resplendent universe—they have their scenes of unapproachable grandeur—their inspirations of the purest fire—all drawn after that transcendent Mt. Sinai—that Light clothed in columns of Smoke and flames of fire. The spirit of David, of Solomon, and of Isaiah, still lives and glows in the modern poet, keeping alive the embers of affection and love. *Rebecca in *Ivanhoe* "owes its excellence to the Bible." Byron's ode to Napoleon owes its beauty to Isaiah's lofty outburst of passion and feeling on the fall of the king of Babylon. His apostrophe over Rome as the "Niobe of nations" is but a faint echo of Jeremiah's lamentations over Jerusalem. "That sternly sublime Samson Agonistes" is carved out of a few incidents of Hebrew History. Macbeth finds his counterpart in Ahab, Lady Macbeth in Jezebel.

If we take away from Modern Literature all that the Bible has put into it, there would not be a shred of glory left. If the flowers of deep religious christian thought which are the lilies in "the flowery field" be swept away, our much vaunted claims of superiority over classical antiquity would be but the vain blusterings of an over conceited mind. "The Bible is full of germs—of seed-thoughts of great dramas and epics." If they fall within the fertile soil of an enthusiastic mind they blossom in blooms of imperishable beauty, bathed, as it were, in the evening dews and

*Dr. Spring.

crystal streams of Heaven. Dante! Tasso! Milton! Dante—the first Gothic bard of the modern epoch, who, curtained in the shadows of the Middle Age, and standing upon the lofty embattlements of a New Morning, painted in colors of living light, high o'er the Hades and Tartarus of the Greek, and the Purgatory of the Romish church, the Rainbow of a blessed immortality and of a crucified Redeemer!

Tasso—the lyric poet of the Crusades—who living in an age when the tremendous din and tumult of the two gigantic armies of Europe and Asia had scarcely died away over the hills of Palestine, where Saracen fought for the supremacy of Mahommedanism and Christian for the recovery of the Holy City—Tasso, the prince of allegory, rising to the dignity of the subject and having for his patrimony the soldiers of the cross throughout Christendom, has wrought the most perfect christian allegory in the domain of modern Literature, sweeping the chords of the human heart into melody almost divine and breathing into every line that rapturing rhythm, caught from “the timbrels of Miriam and Deborah!”

Milton—the full-grown flower of the Modern Epoch—Milton, the deathless artist of an immortal epic—Milton the mirror of the Bible, who ascending with the cathedral music of his rhythm to the vast “theatre of Heaven and Earth and Hell,” to the sublimest theme ever chosen by man—“blending all the poetries of Christendom in that wondrous hymn, compared to which Tasso’s song is but a dainty lay and Dante’s verse but a Gothic mystery”—Milton, the bright evening star of the Reformation—the mighty angel of the christian faith—the supremest poet that ever swept the lyre with *uninspired* hand—the constellated beauty of Sixty Centuries—Milton sings

“Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe
With loss of Eden; till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat.”

Thus,

" On every line
Marked with seals of high Divinity
On every leaf bedewed with drops
Of love divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last."

As there can be no true Art without a mythology, so there can be no sublime product of mind without a *religion*. As art is the embodiment of the ideal and as mythology breathes through them, so Religion is essential to give soul to great epics and dramas. And when the last grand epic of Time shall be sung—as it has been said that there shall be *one* more—far down into the unknown depths of the Future, when every nation shall walk in the light of His countenance and every knee shall bow at His name, when the mysteries of the Past shall be revealed and the Gates of Eternity opened beyond, then shall the loftier Milton, sweeter and sublimer than the blind old bard of Chios, sing the blissful, rapturing realization of St. John's apocalyptic visions of the golden days of Millennial Glory.

APERTA VIVERE MENTE.

THE LANGUAGE OF ART.

" Living things, and things inanimate
Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear;
And speak to social reason's inner sense,
In inarticulate language."

" Spirit may mingle with spirit but sense requireth a symbol;
And *art* is the body of thought, without which it were not seen."

TUPPER'S PROV. PHILOSOPHY.

As the ocean reflects the heaven, so the material shadows the spiritual. There is a strange sympathy between the

soul of man and the external world. It is more than the mere sensuous pleasure that we experience when gazing on the midnight sky, or the St. Cecilia of Raphael; for these are not merely the beautiful or sublime objects which our senses perceive, but the expression of truths and ideas higher, and nobler than aught material—letters in the alphabet of an unknown language, through which nature and art are ever striving to communicate with us.

So, whether we are moving in the region of nature which is the sphere of God's wonders, or in the province of art, which is the region of man's wonders, we observe that each is a transcript of the author's mind. Nature is an open volume in which are written the grand thoughts of God; art, the medium through which is feebly expressed, the great conceptions which enter the mind of man. Leaving the former, let us look more closely into the latter.

Soul can speak to soul in various ways; by the glowing canvas, and the sculptured rock; by a glance, a smile, a tear; by that action in which conception becomes far more than airy thought. Yet of all the modes of expression, language is at once the noblest and most ethereal. The faculty of speech was originally implanted by the Creator; but language, the vehicle in which that faculty transmits thought from man to man, seems to have been his creation in a remoter sense. The immediate connection between thought and language, we cannot perhaps understand, until we cease to "know in part," and come to know, "even as we are known." All that we now seem able to learn is this: The indwelling spirit looks out upon the external world, and working upon the impressions it thence receives, by some hidden process lays hold of language as its medium of communication, and sound and word carry the now embodied thought back to the outward world.

Language, then, is not simply the means of communication between man and man; it is the articulate expression of the spirit's inner life; the last and finest result of mental

effort; the truest index of individual and national character; the faithful source of information when all the springs have failed; the noblest embodiment of the human soul; the music in which that soul warbles forth the gathered harmonies of the surrounding universe. As the pale and modest moon, dallying with the rippled clouds, and coquetting with the stars, bathes the earth with a mellow radiance, which is but the reflection of another's light: so language, the humble medium through which is expressed, the poetic and moral thoughts, the lofty and sublime conceptions, which are the offspring and glory of the soul!

After language, thought is more aptly expressed in painting. Obedient to the touch of the skillful painter's brush, the canvas glows forth with the sublime ideals that exist within his mind, and his lofty thoughts are gifted with a still and silent immortality. As we look upon some pictures there seems to gradually dawn upon us, the whole modulated beauty of a poem, written not in alphabetical characters, but in soft, sweet, variegated light. We prize the picture, just as we should the book which by means of types, set by some nameless printer, transmits to us the thoughts of a Shakespeare or a Byron; so deep, so pure is the pleasure it imparts, so beautiful, so sweetly attractive the imaginings it invokes; so thickly crowding, so noble, so natural the thoughts and associations it suggests! The painting entitled, "Good for Nothing," from which a large number of engravings have been struck, is an humble example of thought expressed in painting. The picture represents an old country school house. The last rays of the setting sun, striking in through the spacious window, gild even the worn floor, and long rows of rough, jack-knife embellished desks disposed within; changing into molten gold the dingy window panes, and transforming each wandering particle of dust into a shining grain. Seated on an elevated platform, in a large, leather-lined chair, before a rude desk, is the school-master, a strict, stern disciplinarian,

his face wearing all the marks of fixed, settled determination. On a low school bench below him, sits a figure, a perfect contrast to all the rough surroundings; a young mother, summoned there on account of an idle wayward son. Her face, a beautiful white slightly suffused with carmine, wears a look of sad despairing anxiety. Her brown hair combed smoothly back from the sorrowful face, is fastened in a simple knot encircled by a heavy braid. The light shawl has fallen from her well rounded shoulders in graceful folds upon the bench where she sits. Before her with his back turned, stands the son, the cause of her trouble. At his feet lies his broken slate, with the roughly sketched caricature of his teacher and beside it a book, blotted, torn, and "dog-eared." As he stands there he casts a timid yet roguish side glance through his long drooping lashes at the incensed master, who with an outstretched arm, and angry look, we can almost imagine repeating the words which form the title of the picture, "*Good for Nothing!*" Each figure in the interesting group has been endowed with a voice by the artist, and the whole scene conveys more and more thought, as it is more closely studied.

Coles' allegorical paintings, entitled the "*Voyage of Life*," are of the same character. Of them, some critic has written,—had they been executed in verse, instead of a series of pictures, the poem would have ranked among the greatest of the age.

It is for the expression of the ideas struggling in the soul of genius that the canvas takes its color, and the same end excites the painter to the attainment of higher excellence. Faultless finish, and harmonious outlines, are only the result of mechanical skill, that a good imitator or copyist can for the most part achieve by the aid of the master's model. But the sentiment, passion and thought of the picture is the creation of the artist, the offspring of his quickening brain!

In the realm of architecture and sculpture also we find

grand embodiments of the thoughts and ideals existing in the mind of man. If we go to the shores of aged and plundered Hellas, although we find but the remnant of a former exuberant wealth in glory and art, that has escaped the destroying hand of time, and the inroads of barbarians, yet there is enough, and that in a sufficient state of preservation to indicate the essential characteristics. In each work of art found there, is recognized some thought, set as a jewel in a precious casket.

The Greek was eminently successful *because* every form born and shaped from the material was the image of some animating idea, the symbol of some thought. All their works were conceived in the love for ideas, and in a profound impulse of nature, regulated by the severity of law, and lovingly nurtured by the outward life. The effects of these works, correspond with their origin. The moral dignity and grace which passed over from the soul of the artist into his work communicates itself to the beholder; and the devotional feeling in which the work was conceived, affords a key to the great truths which these works of art so aptly symbolize!

Religion, that deepest principle in the heart of man, was the *parent* of Greek idealism; and art became the embodiment of their religion. From this sprang that religious opinion of the sacredness and inviolability of every work of art, which, where it does not spring from feeling cannot be forced by prescription. The Polytheism of the Greek everywhere appears in its highest power. The Deity was not conceived of under the form of spirit. The Greek had no such conception. Among all the phenomena of nature, they distinguished man as the first and noblest, and recognized in his form the highest sensible manifestation of the Deity. While therefore in other climates, Polytheism desecrated its altars with insignificant images before whose deformity the divine nature seems to flee, the Greek created God in his own image, as the purest symbol of the divine

nature. He was not the first to recognize the Deity in the living forms of nature, nor was this his exclusive prerogative, but *to conceive of and create God in his own likeness*, was peculiar to him. But Greek art, thus engendered and nurtured by religion, was adopted and cherished by the state. Burning love of country, that rich germ of Grecian virtues, gave new impulse to art. Mortals who by their lofty deeds or lofty natures laid claim to respect, were honored with statues and monuments where their deeds were done, and where they were released from the bonds of mortality. Matter and shape borrowed from the earthly, had soul breathed into it from the pious or patriotic feeling of the maker, and was pervaded with the strength of an enthusiasm, which sprang from the same source, and thus the dead matter shaped itself into a symbol of the higher nature.

But the grand conceptions of the Greeks, and indeed of all the heathen nations that arrived at any excellence in the art of sculpture, though full of matchless majesty and grandeur, ravishing the senses with their carnal beauty, still lack one element, without which art can never reveal itself in the full perfection of its latent capabilities. Merely physical beauty, which contains no *spiritual* beauty, no drawing of the immortal soul, no suggestion of purer, and nobler sentiments struggling for expression in the speaking marble, can never satisfy the requirements of the christianized taste of modern times. This spiritual principle in its higher manifestations was not the product of the pagan mind, because its expression can only be conceived by him to whom Faith has opened the glorious possibilities of our existence beyond the grave. In no classic sculpture is there anything akin to that divine affinity, that is apparent in the works of the masters of the sixteenth century, which to the glory of physical perfection, adds a spiritual beauty that exalts the soul of the beholder, and awakens the slumber of his immortal longings!

But notwithstanding christianity exercises a slightly bene-

ficial influence on *architecture*, through the medium of painting and sculpture, it has not, and can not effect any considerable change or improvement. The Egyptian, the three Grecian, Ionic, Doric and Corinthian, and other heathen orders of architecture must continue to be the models for future imitation, the grand sources to which all others must point for their origin. To the Egyptian belongs the pyramid and obelisk,—the latter a slender monolith with its vertical line of hieroglyphics,—the former, a vast pile, expressive, both by its shape and bulk of simple weight and solidity. Their temples suggest as the most prominent ideas, permanence, and mystery.

The Greek borrowing his arts as well as his letters from the Egyptians endued them with a fresh and exquisite form, and breathed into them the breath of a new life. Seclusion, mystery, and bulk, gave place to the light and airy tracery of beauty. All that art could do, by working upon the patriotic memories of the people, their present renown, their love of the beautiful, or their religious instincts conspired to render the temple the centre of every affection, the expression of the mind and heart of the nation. Such were the elements that were to enter into christian architecture. With the infusion of the new spirit into art, temples began to be emblematic of the faith, and expanded into the form of the cross; a form not only fit as an emblem but admirably adapted to architectural effect.

"I will hang the dome of the Pantheon," said M. Angelo, in "mid heaven." In obedience to the word, rose the dome of St. Peter, fretted and blazing within like the vault of heaven, and shedding down a flood of light upon the images and mosaic pictures beneath. It still stands, the exhibition of an effort to embody those ideas of solemnity and grandeur, which may be realized in thought, but must forever remain unaccomplished by human power.

We can only refer to music, although one of the most expressive of all arts. Addressing itself to the emotions

it is "the art of the longing, divining, loving soul." It never excites abstract or antagonistic thought; it unites humanity in concrete feeling. "Words are but the history of a bygone thought; music is its presence. Compared with tones that breathe out from a profound, a spiritually musical soul, how poor is any allegory which painting can present or that symbol can indicate! Related to the unseen soul, music is the voice of faith, which is itself a realization of things not seen!"

In conclusion let us look at the condition of art in our own country, as just having its birth as a study. The great problem of the age is the union of beauty with practical uses. In their highest forms, art and science blend and become identical, just as the beautiful and the good assimilate, as we trace them to their source in Truth. While art becomes more practical, it loses none of its beauty, and science is every day taking man away from the purely ideal, the morbid and the visionary; from the fond fancies of old eras, and leading him to facts and to nature.

Americans are solid in the deep foundations of truth, rather than sensitive to the airy decorations of beauty. It is a source of high satisfaction, rather than disappointment that the spirit of utilitarianism should enter so largely into our art. Nothing could be more encouraging than the fact of this evident alliance between the useful and the ornamental. Such a marriage of beauty and utility will make art the fitting companion of the man whose business is in the world. The decorative growing out of the useful, and the ornamental being built upon the sure basis of construction; the arts fashioned from the fabric of nature and the fancy of man, will preserve the actuality of our daily life, yet soar to the ideality of our poetic conceptions. Not merely the luxuriance of the rich, but the necessities of the poor, shall adorn the humble cottage a beauty which "is a joy forever."

Art shall take to itself something natural, and *national*,

and become the type of our Western civilization, a civilization that spreads itself, not by sword, sceptre, or crosier, but by life, and liberty and light ! ?!

THE OLD CANNON OF 1776.

(NOW IN THE CAMPUS.)

In Nassau's Hall one Summer night,
When stilled was every sound
I mused beside my window,
When a light flash'd all around ;
Startled, I gazed, and saw the flames
Around the old cannon blaze ;—
That memoir of the noble deeds
Of Nassau's early days.
They curl'd around the gun,
And leaping higher, higher,
Up into the silent night,
Leapt the roaring fire ;
And right within the flames—
Leaning 'gainst it's side,
Stood a grim and ancient warrior
From that band of true and tried,
Who here for their country fought,
And here for their country died.

Then this phantom gunner 'gan to tell
The story of the gun :
" O'er many a weary mile,
Through snow, and rain, and hail,
I've marched along beside it
O'er hill, and plain, and dale ;
And when amid the fight
On Princeton's bloody day,
It thundered out its death,
And the foeman swept away,
I heard as they rallied 'round
Ringing loud and clear—
The flying Briton's shout,
And the Continental cheer.
From its mouth an iron ball,
With smoke and flame crash'd through

Old George's portrait in yon' hall,
As if his face it knew ;
And in the place of Anglia's king—
The despot of the sea,
Arose the form of Washington,
The leader of the free,
Thus for struggling Liberty,
This gallant iron gun
On many a crimson'd field
Has many a vantage won.
And when at last dismantl'd,
On the ground it useless lay,
Some noble hearts preserv'd it
For the memories of that day."

Then he ceased to speak,
The fire shrunk away,
And slowly creeping on,
The Night resum'd its sway.
Though the fire burns no more,
Though the spectre has faded away—
The cannon it loved so well,
Is standing there to-day.
And to tell its history,
Once in an hundred years,
This ghostly old artilleryman
Beside the gun appears ;
A relic of Freedom's birth,
Beaten by howling storm
There through long, long years,
Has stood its honored form,
Around it are the spirits
Of the brave, the true, the good,
Who to save us from oppression,
Here shed their patriot blood.
Then when we gaze upon it,
May our hearts the dead recall,
Who died for God and country,
Around old Nassau Hall ;
And though its voice is silent,
Its worn sides rusted o'er,
Its glorious deeds for Liberty
Shall live for evermore.

HOBART A. MERRON.

A PLEA FOR SHAKESPEARE.

"Shakespeare is a text book at Cornell University and is studied by the Freshman Class."—*Exchange*.

We have taken our subject merely as a hinge on which to hang a few reflections of our own; it is not our purpose to say anything of the University: we intend to preach but little on our text itself; therein imitating many more illustrious tillers of the field of literature.

When our eyes glanced upon the paragraph which heads our page, a pang shot to our inmost soul and we sadly exclaimed: "Oh, thoughtless and scoffing generation! is nothing then free from the touch of your sacrilegious hands?"

If the "divine William" had ever anticipated that his immortal productions would become the victims of school-boys and the prey of Freshmen, he would have laid aside his quill, upset his ink-bottle, and committed Hamlet and Julius Cæsar to devouring flames. If he could have seen "in his mind's eye" the most atrocious murders of his verses, if he could have looked far enough forward to view his famed soliloquy of the Danish prince, or his oration of Mark Antony torn to tatters by juvenile declaimers and spouters in jackets, he would have hastened to erase his proud name from the roll of authors and destroyed, to a line, tragedy, comedy, and all his glorious treasures. We wonder that his restless shade does not haunt the sleepless pillow of many an ambitious youth; that his angry ghost does not strike terror to the souls of teachers who are blamable and professors who are responsible. We wonder that the venerable bust which, in the old church of Stratford, on Avon, looks grimly down on the beholder, does not take unto itself legs and stalking down the silent sombre aisles, go forth to punish "murder most foul," and avenge the slaughtered creatures of his pen! Alas! the days when disembodied spirits walked the dismal church-yards have long since vanished with royal Arthur and his Round-Table

of old; helpless and defenceless, the dust of the play might yet moulder in the grave and the bones cannot even shake in mute deprecation at the deliberate insult, and the reckless sacrilege. Shakespeare is powerless to chastise, and the work goes on unreprieved save by the few who mourn the ill-treated remains, and hope for a wiser age, a more judicious generation.

One would have supposed that education and experience would have taught men to know how fatal it is to any book, to place it in the hands of those too young to appreciate its merits, or not sufficiently cultivated to comprehend its excellencies. The ideas which the pupil retains are often ludicrously inaccurate, and sometimes are shockingly false. It is a very common error to place the Bible before mere infants, without a word of explanation or instruction, relying upon the fact that it is the *Bible* and therefore beneficial. We will not expose ourselves to a charge of irreverence by explaining the results; but let any reader try to recall his first impressions of that Book of Books, to remember how strange some notions were, and to summon before him some pictures, which he drew in his mind of events and persons, and he will easily understand what we mean. Even when explanation does accompany, it is often necessarily expressed in words incomprehensible to the youthful hearer and frequently only makes the matter worse. But the effects are far more injurious when we come to consider works, not like that used in illustration, addressed to the simplest mind and heart, but which have elicited more consideration, criticism, and discussion, called for more wisdom, judgment, penetration, and cultivation, than any other mere *literary* production in the language.

It is painful for any one of refinement to witness the presentation of Shakespeare's matchless dramas on the theatrical stage. Even when actors of the most consummate skill, and scenery of the most beautiful and attractive description, are employed to render the illusion more com-

plete, and to give a greater semblance of truth, how the mind shrinks from the contemplation! Poor Charles Lamb, with his delicate taste and fine æsthetical sense, shuddered at the sight and bewailed in pretty prose, the merciless dragging forth of the love-sick prince, the crazed monarch, and the melancholy Dane. How much more then to air the rhapsodies of a Romeo, the sublime ravings of Lear, the lofty thoughts and solitary musings of the shy, scholarly Hamlet, before an audience of unappreciative school-boys, of whom a few may love and silently admire, a large majority care little, and are even disgusted when the choice morsels are crammed down their reluctant throats. If any one wishes to cause in a youth's heart an utter loathing of any book, let him forthwith adopt that work as a text book. Homer, Virgil, Cicero, have been parsed and rendered, tortured and stained, picked and torn, till their beauties have been swallowed up in tediousness, their magnificent conceptions shrouded in a cloud of grammar and lexicon. We begin to sing of Achilles' wrath, and our first thought is to parse *ᾠρὴν*: we suffer Cataline to abuse our patience, while we are searching after the rule for *patientia* in the ablative. Lord Byron has written of the "drill'd, dull lesson," that, even in later days, he loathed

"— the daily drug which turn'd
My sickening memory; and though Time hath taught
My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
By the impatience of my early thought
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now restore
Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor."*

It is not so bad in regard to these writers in Latin and Greek: it has indeed been a question whether a *dead* language could be murdered. But we are dealing now with a

*The noble author truly adds in a note: "When we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite pallid."

living tongue, aye, living indeed a noble life and destined to sound its glorious words till man himself shall disappear.

It seems evident that the forced study of such an author as Shakespeare, far from stimulating to admiration and love, would render him unpleasant and distasteful. It may be said that the earlier the attention is called to works of so wondrous a nature, the more knowledge is gained and acquaintance strengthened. But should this be done at the price we have to pay? Shall we "comprehend, but never love" the immortal creations of the dramatist, and sacrifice all feeling of the magic power of his genius, for the mere knowing of a few Gradgrind facts? To understand Shakespeare adequately, there is necessary an amount of erudition which we venture to say few gentlemen in a Freshman, or indeed in any class can boast of possessing. Not to speak of a knowledge of the mythology and religion of the ancients, the histories and legends of modern times, the romances of Spain and Italy, the law and the politics of England, we need a mind capable of compassing a system of Moral Philosophy, of comprehending the vast range and sphere of human passions. If you must give a critical acquaintance with Shakespeare and impart an intimate knowledge of his works, begin by teaching these things first: they are no trifles. When the pupil has mastered all these and stored his brain with many a treasure, then and then only is he able and competent to begin his study of Shakespeare. Then can he afford to barter for the scholar's familiarity and the student's proficiency that spontaneous love and affection, with which a fresh and untired mind involuntarily greets these never dying poems. To feel their full force, life and experience are needed. While we are young, very few have the inclination or the patience to seek them out and study them; as we advance in years, we hasten to them gladly, if they possess the attraction of freshness and novelty. But if, on the contrary, they are associated in our thoughts with dull and tedious plodding, toil, and effort; if they

bring back to our minds memories of the tasks of our boyhood, with all their irksome and oppressive prosiness, we are driven by no warm heart-impulse to return to what recalls pain but not pleasure.

O, teachers and professors of the land, hear our plea! Do not make his works like a dusty field, worn with the tramp of countless feet and without a single grateful spot where the tired traveller may stop refreshed; but rather guard them tenderly and keep them like some pleasant green-sward where the weary of this world may rest in happy seclusion, and cool the parched tongue with the waters of pure streamlets, flowing from a well of English unstained and undefiled!

LEO.

MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

There are two great facts in God's Universe—cause and effect. Some Philosophers have attempted to explain, not without some show of plausibility, that these fundamental phenomena are merely antecedent and consequent. Nevertheless, the fundamental belief of mankind can never be shaken in these two great principles, manifested everywhere in the natural and moral world. The exquisite and unique organization which we call man, exhibits two kinds of forces—mental and physical. The ultimate cause of which mental faculties, is to know. The material of knowledge is truth. Then the natural sphere of the mental faculties is activity in pursuit of truth. The conduct of this process, which we call mental activity in pursuit of truth, is all important for this life and as we believe of no small moment for that which is to come. That there are different systems in vogue for acquiring truth, is hardly necessary to mention. To discover the true one may indeed be difficult, but

whether it can be found or not, all agree that its intrinsic value is beyond computation; still more, that the *right* initial step in this system (when found) is of infinite importance. We have now arrived at that stage of mental phenomena, which we shall call mental discipline. The remainder of this article shall be devoted to the discussion of this subject.

FIRST. *Mental Discipline and Knowledge are not identical.*

Theoretically few deny this, but practically the majority affirm that they are. That there may be no misunderstanding, we shall define the two terms—mental discipline and knowledge. By mental discipline is meant that systematic and prolonged exercise of the mental faculties, which leads them ultimately to the highest degree of capability and imparts permanent direction to their activity. This to an eminent degree was the characteristic of Newton's mind. "To one who complimented him on his genius, he replied, that if he had made any discoveries, it was owing more to patient attention than any other talent." By knowledge, we understand simply the possession of truths or certain amount of facts. Now, we are fully prepared to see the difference. One is the *mean*, the other the *end*. The condition under which one, 'mental discipline, is attainable is exercise—the more varied, the more vigorous, the more protracted the exercise, the more proportionally will be the expansion of the mental faculties: while the other does not necessarily imply a vigorous effort; for all truth does not require the same amount of mental capacity (in the beginning it might have and doubtless did); indeed, there may be a great amount of unconnected facts stored in the mind and that mind itself a perfect imbecile. Now, we maintain that it should be the main end of a collegiate course to develop our mental faculties, by means of studies the most suitable for that object—though the prevailing system falls lamentably short of this. Dr. McCosh, said, "I do hold it to be the highest end of a University to *educate*; that is, draw out and im-

prove the faculties which God has given." Another authority of no mean repute remarks, "The first stage of education is not the acquisition of knowledge. Until the student comes to his professional course, the main object is to attain to the full and harmonious use of his own powers—the formation of right thinking." "The intellect," says Aristotle, "is perfected, not by knowledge, but by activity."

Again. Not only the two are not identical, but the one, mental discipline, is absolutely superior to the other—knowledge. At first sight it seems a reckless expression to affirm that mental discipline is more valuable than truth. But supposing the contrary, yet mental culture is of supreme importance, for without it truth could not be acquired. But we believe that a faithful exhibition of both, will undoubtedly reveal the superiority of mental discipline over truth. Knowledge is either practical or speculative. Practical knowledge is valuable only so far as it lays down conditions for action—the grandest moral truths reveal the condition of exercise—the sublimest truths concerning God and immortality are of no value unless they produce within us an earnest, permanent activity corresponding to their dignity and moral grandeur. "Now, I hold" says Dr. McCosh, "that even for practical utility, for mere happiness' sake, there may be a higher end than the attainment of knowledge, and that is the improving of those heaven-bestowed powers which acquire knowledge, but acquire many other things of value; * * * and I utterly deny that the acquisition of knowledge, certainly not of the material world, is the only means of training the nobler parts of humanity." Speculative knowledge is useful in so far as it allures on in the pursuit of a *something beyond*. Truth however precious, once known, falls into comparative uselessness. "It is not the goal" says J. P. Richter, "but the course, which makes us happy." One of the greatest thinkers of modern times affirms the same thing. "If," says Malbranche, "I held truth captive in my hand, I should

open my hand and let it fly, in order that I might again pursue and capture it." "Did the Almighty," says Hessings, "holding in His right hand, Truth, and in His left, Search after Truth, deign to tender me the one I might prefer—in all humility, but without hesitation, I would request Search after Truth."

SECOND. *The Means best adapted to secure Mental Discipline.*

That the system now in vogue for mental discipline is not the best, is implied in the above proposition. We speak more particularly of our own *Alma Mater*. In our collegiate course, the languages (dead) and mathematics claim by far the most of our time. In order to make good this claim, they are bound to offer some superlative excellencies for mental culture that are not found in the Sciences. Let us examine the case. The favorites of this scheme say, that the languages are the best means of mental discipline for the memory and judgment; and that mathematics claim superiority for developing the reasoning faculty. That languages, modern as well as ancient, cultivate the memory, cannot justly be doubted. Memory is the power to recall past sensations and states of consciousness. This power may be increased either by *simple repetition*, or systematic arrangement of ideas according to this connection. Now we hold that the memory developed by the languages is of the former kind—the lower, and does not necessarily imply *any* mental discipline. If this be true, evidently it pulls many a laurel from our "first honor men" and speaks by no means favorably of the votaries of grade. Then as regards the judgment. We fear there is a delusion here also. We are told that the most critical discrimination is used in the choice of synonymous terms to express an idea. We reply, that time and the length of the lessons forbid it. That the student compares the cases—say the ablative with the dative. Were this so, which we doubt very much, it would not after all be the best discipline for the judgment; to compare two abstract ideas is by no means easy for an experienced mind,

but absolutely impossible for a novice. But then we are told if the languages fail, as we have attempted to show, that they contain priceless treasures of knowledge that are found no where else—it is our opinion, that were the truth known, few, very few indeed, ever find them. “If there are any who can read even such books of Latin and Greek as they have read before,” says President Barnard, of Columbia College, “with any thing like the fluency with which they can read their mother tongue, the number cannot be large; and if there are any who can read, with similar facility, classic works which they take up for the first time, it is so small that I have never seen one.” “I suppose that to read with any satisfaction any work in any language, we should all be able to give our attention to the *ideas* that it conveys.”

Again. Mathematics unquestionably has some share in mental discipline, but not the supreme power of development, which the all-engrossing devotion that is paid to them warrants. As a science that treats of quantity under various forms, and leads the mind to habits of attention in the long line of proofs it furnishes, it is valuable. When we have said this, we have said about all that can be said. Yet it lacks in one important point—the data from which we reason are given, it, therefore, takes too many things for granted. Many of the Sciences gives the same mental discipline which it proposes to give, and at the same time are entirely free from that powerful objection which has been charged against Mathematics. “It unfortunately happens” says Dugal Stuart, “that while mathematical studies exercise the faculty of reasoning or deduction, they give no employment to the other powers of the understanding concerned in the investigation of truth.” Our worthy President remarks, “But can there be a thorough education of the mind merely by classics and mathematics . . . ? I hold that these may be taught and learned in the most perfect manner, and yet a large number of the noblest facul-

ties of the mind left uncalled forth, and therefore uncultivated."

It is befitting now that we should name those studies which we consider best adapted for mental discipline. The physical sciences furnish mental discipline as mathematics does, with this exception in favor of the former—mathematics deals with abstract ideas of space and number, while the physical sciences deal with concrete realities—matter and force; for that reason, of far greater efficiency for producing the desired end. Physical science is an instrument not merely for educating the senses; it invigorates all the faculties which discover relation.

Again. Logic unfolds the laws of thought by apprehending, judging, reasoning, weighing evidence, proofs and reaching ultimate results. Whether what J. S. Mill says, "In what consists the principle and most characteristic difference between one human intellect and another? in their ability to judge correctly of evidence" be true or not; logic disciplines the judgment better than any other science.

Finally. Metaphysics, or we shall take one of the groups which it comprehends, psychology. Psychology the phenomena which it discloses and the perception of them under their various forms, the discovery of the laws upon which they rest—association, imagination, comparison, reasoning, and to trace them back to their ultimate source, involves the loftiest effort of thought—the most subtle analysis and the most comprehensive synthesis, gives fine discrimination and profound analogies, gives full, complete and harmonious development to all the mental faculties.

We ask humbly but earnestly that somewhat of the time now devoted to the classics and mathematics, may in the future be devoted to the Sciences and Philosophy.

Our instructors! May you ever tread the pearly steps of the "Golden Rule!" May you ever legislate as wisely as circumstances may demand, for augmenting the undiminished glory of Nassau! May you ever excite your pupils

to the mightiest efforts, not by an empty show of unbecoming, mean motive—grade, but by a glowing description of more than absolute recompense for all toils and labors, in an *intellect* perfect, complete, as God would have it!

Fearful is your responsibility! Great and glorious your reward—when teacher and taught shall bloom perennially in the Kingdom of their Father, where they shall *know* even as they are known!

W. D. T.

REALITY AND REVERIE.

I wandered once among the flowery beds
Of a rich garden.
On every side beneath me were the rare
And beauteous fruits of horticultural art,
Spreading away in copious plenitude.
The air was redolent with sweet perfume
Stealing from downy rosebuds; wafted up
From the retiring forms of the pure
Lilies of the vale; or mingling with
The richer fragrance of the violet.
I lingered in this lovely paradise
Filled with a nameless fancy,
Musing upon the mutability of life.
These fair young buds which lifted high their heads
With such a seeming confidence;
Would they e'er ripen into full maturity?
And those bright messengers of love and peace,
The lilies fair; would they survive the rude
And pitiless cupidity of man,
And end their welcome mission undisturbed?
Deep buried in unconscious reverie
I silent stood, nor heeded aught around.

I.

Tripping gayly along the path
Which bent its course toward the garden gate,
From the stately Hall, whose portals tall
O'ershadowed the skirt of the circling wall,
A maiden fair, with golden hair,

Which tossed in the wind and danced in the air,
Came singing a merry song.

II.

Her cheeks were suffused with the rosy tinge
Which youthful ardor and innocent cheer
And the bright'ning hopes of a future year
Call eager to life; and with mantling glow
Courses o'er countenance pure as the snow,
Chasing far from it all traces of woe.

A basket swung free from her gentle grasp,
And I marked as each step so softly light
Brought her fair figure more clearly to sight,
That she seemed in haste on some mission bent,
And making her way with the full intent
That her time meanwhile should be busily spent.

So earnest she seemed to achieve the plan
That had called her forth from her neigh'ring home
In this floral region awhile to roam,
I dared not intrude on her happy sphere
By announcing my presence, and so with fear
Gently crouched down 'neath the shrubbery near.

And I watched her from out my hiding place
As she quietly stole from flower to flower,
Or retreating beneath some fragrant bower,
Severed the blossoms that loyally twine
Amidst reeeping ivy and trailing vine,
Or cling to the sides of the green woodbine.

I gazed in rapturous silence the while
The maiden so fair did her basket load
With these lovely messengers sent from God :
And I could not bewail their early doom,
Nor mourn for the buds that would never bloom,
Nor grieve for the loss of their sweet perfume.

Could they have sued for a lovelier hand
To sever the life-chord which held them firm
To their mother stem, and sustained the germ?
Or might they have chosen a nobler fate
Than to grace the walls, with becoming state,
Of the Hall that rose 'yond the garden gate?

III.

She staid not long, when her task was complete,
But casting one glance at the flowery sphere

Which bounded her vision both far and near,
She stood for a moment ; then breathed a sigh
As if filled with a sudden ecstasy,
And lightly retraced her homeward way.

IV.

The vision had flown, and left me at last
Musing in silence on what had passed,
And my thoughts, could I shape them in words, were these :

The wide earth is a garden ; men are like flowers,
Nourished awhile with a tender care
By a Guardian more watchful and faithful far
Than ever was earthly gardener.
Humanity springs into life and activity
With the same innate power which exists in the flower.
All the changes which work in the growth of mankind
From the helpless estate of the babe in the cot,
To the tottering patriarch, mourning his lot ;
All the varied conditions of growth and decay,
Of progress and failure, by night and by day,
In the life of the flower, you may clearly portray.
And the Master above, who can give to the flower
The same watchful care he extends every hour
To his creatures below ; whose pitiful mind
Considers the lily, which bends to the wind,
Has sent these bright angels so radiant with love
To be emblems to us of the kingdom above.

And when the swift angel of death shall appear
In the garden of earth, with commission to bear
From this lowly domain, to the mansion above,
The beauteous fruits of his labor and love ;
Oh ! think it not strange if he haste to select
From amongst the rich forms which humanity wears
Some buds of rare promise, some flowers just in bloom,
Some, which soaring aloft, peerless beauty assume ;
And some, which but trail and creep over the sod
But in humble simplicity glorify God.

And when the good angel departs with his flowers,
O yield not to grief for the loved ones gone too,
But think of them gracing the heavenly bowers
In that mansion above, which is waiting for you !

IGNORILIS PILA.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF A DARK SUBJECT.

It is common for those who have become slightly acquainted with the ways of the world, to imagine that they have acquired a remarkably thorough knowledge of Human Nature.

This conceit, in some of its forms, may be as harmless as it is common. But when it amounts to a conviction that selfishness and its retinue of vices exert supreme authority among men, when it approximates to such a conviction,—it is far from harmless; it is absolutely, directly, and immediately hurtful. It alike deserves rebuke and demands correction. To administer the one or apply the other is not, however, our present object.

Nor is it proposed to assail the doctrine of "Total Depravity," or in any way to trespass on theological territory. That the "Old Adam" is both ubiquitous and incorrigible is admitted without debate or demur. It is simply claimed that, with all his faults, the old gentleman possesses certain "redeeming traits," which, like the "good points" of a balky horse, should not be entirely overlooked in forming a just estimate of his character.

It is our purpose to endeavor to make good this claim, or, in other words, to show that man possesses natural tendencies toward that which is good; that, though "fallen from the estate wherein he was created," and totally unable to extricate himself from his "present state of sin and misery," he is, nevertheless, the possessor, by nature, of certain moral qualities in themselves inherently and intrinsically good.

None will dispute that man possesses natural capacities for good. The religionist must acknowledge the fact or abandon his creed. The moralist must recognize it, or, in denying it, undermine the very foundations of his favorite theoretical fabric. The infidel must subscribe to it or become a believer. Perchance the fool who denies his own

existence would theoretically wrap up this proposition in the large-sized bundle which he labels non-entities, but he would be sure to expose its practical exemplification in the big show window of self-conceit. Turn where you will you will find man's capacity for good established by universal consent.

It is next to be seen whether or not he possesses natural tendencies to the good.

I hold that he has such tendencies. I am willing to confess myself a believer in that old fashioned notion that there is such a thing as friendship; that there is such a thing as patriotism; that there is such a thing as philanthropy. If you do not consider these exploded ideas, if you believe them to be virtues,—positive, real, living, virtues,—you cannot refuse assent to the position assumed. Retreat from it and you at once resolve friendship into selfishness at retail, patriotism into selfishness at wholesale, and philanthropy into down-right hypocrisy.

Do not be driven to such churlish conclusions. Accept the only alternative. Look upon these and kindred virtues in their true light, as outward manifestations of inward dispositions toward the good. These dispositions are not "airy nothing," nor is it ours to assign them a "local habitation, and a name." Yet they are so indefinite, so mysterious, that an attempt to classify or enumerate them here, were incarnate presumption. It is only urged that they be recognized, in their true relations as attributes, characteristics, and constituents of human nature.

Whether you choose to admit or deny this in theory, is, in one sense, a matter of very little importance. You practically admit it every day of your life. You acknowledge it whenever you remark of one notoriously infamous that on a certain occasion his "better nature triumphed." You acknowledge it in every noble impulse of your own heart, and every generous deed of your own hands.

I beseech of you not only tacitly and grudgingly to admit,

but openly and frankly confess this fact. You cannot gainsay it.

It is engraven with the stilus of Intuition on the tablets of the heart. As truly as you have a conscience, or ever had one, as truly as you ever admired the good or dispised the evil, so truly have you tendencies to, and faculties for, that which is noble, good and true.

And as truly as you possess them, so truly are they the common properties of every one of your fellow-creatures, no matter how deep-sunken in the mire of iniquity.

Do not hesitate to do justice to yourself, and of all things, do not be uncharitable to others. Gloomy cold-hearted philosophy never offered and never can offer any substitute for Charity. Without it you will be a cynic and ascetic, a hateful and hated nuisance to your kind, and withal your own worst enemy. With it you will be a true philanthropist, a true patriot, a true friend, and a true man.

Take your choice. Make yourself and every one about you intolerably miserable, or believe and act upon the principle that there is a bright side to human nature.

HOW I BECAME A BACHELOR.

I am an old bachelor. "Why is this thusness as the poet Euripides has beautifully remarked." In order that my kind friends may know my reason, I write this. I do not expect to amuse or interest you; for I shall tell the simple story.

When I was about twenty-one, I graduated at Y— college and returned home, with a good general knowledge—of trashy novels, and with pretty extensive ideas—of, myself; yet withal that I was extremely bashful in the presence

of ladies, and my courage then like Falstaff's, would ooze out at the end of my fingers.

Was I a noble specimen of the *homo generosus*, with a delicate moustache and a still more delicate voice? Ah! no. Had I been, I should not now be a bachelor, because for such persons, we generally find about "one fifth of the ladies dying." I am now, and I must have been then, extremely homely. The most remarkable things about me being my nose and feet. My nose was not large, signifying that I had talent; it was not slenderly aquiline, indicating Grecian refinement; but it was a Roman nose, and it was so intensely plebeian, that a friend once remarked of me, "His nose never turns up at anything, a sure sign that he is good natured, and feels above no one." My feet are—well, *large*. In fact a lady once enquired of me, "Who is that gentleman with the big feet?"

But who is proof against Cupid's darts, even though he may have big feet, or a Roman nose! In short, I loved. *She* lived in same village. Useless would it have been for me to have attempted to describe her. Could you have heard that voice, sweet as the chiming of silver bells, could you have gazed on those ripe lips, could you have looked into those sunny brown eyes, could you have beheld that noble head with its wealth of golden hair, and not have loved? *Veni, Vidi, Amari.*

As I before said, I was bashful and no torture could have forced me to tell her of my love. I would cross the street to keep from meeting her, and in our little social gatherings I never sought her side; but when I could gaze upon her without being seen, O how I feasted my eager eyes! And at night how often have I stood watching until the "Wee sma' hours," a window, *her* window!

Thus several months passed, during which I ate scarcely anything except pickles and buttermilk. Often did I stray into the woods, and throwing myself down by the bank of some murmuring brook, would pass the whole day in reverie;

lamenting that we lived in such peaceful times; that there were no banditti to carry her off, from whom I might rescue her, and then, when she would put that soft hand into mine, and looking upon me with those deep eyes, tell me with that sweet voice how she thanked me, I could tell her of the love that was consuming my life. One day a happy thought struck me, I would write to her. For days I worked on the letter. Having at last finished one to suit me, I enclosed it in an envelope and sealed it with an image of two doves.

When I searched in my pockets for it, at the office, O horror, it was not there! I turned frantically off in search of it, not daring to ask those I met if they had found a letter directed to Miss ——.

There lived near me a very mischievous youth, whom I had always disliked and who was only endured by me, because he was *her* cousin. Coming down the street shortly after I did, he saw the letter, and knowing that it was written by "that bashful Sam," he opened and read it. "Now for some fun," said he to himself, and taking it to the loafer's corner, was there reading it to his vile companions, who were making comments on it, and laughing at it, just as I returned from an ineffectual search for it.

Reader, I have been cut by my lady acquaintances because I was bashful, I have had big whiskered fellows twirl their moustache and look significantly at mine just struggling into existence. I have had "newies" in college ask me when I was a Senior, if I belonged to the Fresh class, but never, never did I feel so humiliated and confounded, as I did then.

Vowing that I would be revenged on him, I tore the letter from him and rushed away, and O how maddening was the thought that *my secret* was the *gossip* of the place!

"How did she act?" Why she was married to another fellow the next week. How my eyes were opened! Those lovely auburn tresses were nothing but *red* hair anyhow.

Hundreds have just such eyes as she has, and if you kissed her lips undoubtedly their red would be transferred to yours, and besides that I hate kissing; and she had only made her voice sweet-toned, that she might catch some poor fool. How I pity the fellow that got her! I would not have her for worlds. Catch me ever loving that compound of false hair, false color, false teeth, false form, false heart, called woman. I have ever kept my single blessedness, and I think I can safely assert, that every bachelor has just as good reason for not marrying as I have, viz: *because he could not get the one he wanted.* This is why this thushness is.

SAMUEL (NO) LOVER.

THE GRAND EPOCHS IN THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

AN ORATION.

In the Beginning, when Centuries of Ages had rolled away in the distance like thunder-clouds, man stepped upon the newly created earth, and wherever he moved, he heard upon the wind the Articulate Voice of God. The choir of stars stood in the deep Heavens above him, and tones of sphere-music and tidings of loftier worlds flitted around him. Man—the Incarnate Breath of God—communed with Nature in his mysterious solitude, and her eternal music like an Æolian Harp, ravished his ears, and struck the chords of his soul into harmony which must answer in higher strains. It was Nature that woke the spirit of thought in man—like “the morning light, which made the Statuo of Memnon sound.”

It is in this relation of *Nature to Man*, that I would wish to lay before you the *Grand Epochs in the History of Literature.*

The History of Literature naturally divides itself into three grand periods;—the first of which is the Oriental.

In the Oriental Epoch, *Nature predominates*. In the deification of the forces of nature, identified and centered in one mysterious unity, the god of letters was enthroned. With gigantic poetic imaginations, the oriental bards, exalted with a peculiar pantheism, and considering themselves as emanations of Brahma or Num, have given to their poetry, a wild, religious, and melancholy extravagance, which is the distinctive characteristic of the oriental mind.

On the Nile, all that remains of this period, consists of inscriptions, painted or engraven upon monuments, or of manuscripts buried in tombs or beneath the ruins of temples. These "mummies of literature" are the only memorials of that Coptic civilization, which flourished twenty-three hundred years before Christ.

Through the labors of the Royal Society of London, vast fields of sanscrit poetry, have been opened in India, which may rival, in all the powers of the imagination, the most cultivated nations of antiquity. The sacred Vedas—constituting the Bible of the Hindu—present such an array of science and knowledge, as have astounded the intellects of more than one generation. But the most sublime creations of the Hindu mind are the Ramayana and the Mahabharata which are the most colossal epic poems to be found in the literature of the world. They surpass in magnitude the Iliad and Odyssey, as the "Pyramids of Egypt tower above the Temples of Greece." In Hebrew literature, the Oriental Epoch reached its poetic acme. Monotheism was its fundamental claims. It stands alone among the literary monuments of other nations for the sublimity of its doctrine as well as for the sublimity of its style. While it affords the best solution of the problem concerning God and the world, it cultivates the taste—elevates the mind—nourishes the soul with the word of life; but, which, lost in the volcanic eruptions of war, had but little influence upon the

minds of men for two thousand years. The *Classic Epoch*, in which the æsthetic faculties of the soul develop themselves, discovers to us two grand types of mind—the Greek and the Latin, the latter of which is but a vigorous outgrowth of the former.

Wherever the Greek set his foot, the very earth appeared to grow more lovely beneath it. His genius beautified whatever it touched—it spread a rich mythological coloring over land and sea. Gods at his bidding entered the antique oak—sporting in the waters of brook and fountain and thundered from Mount Olympus.

It has been observed, that poets always commence in every country the mental movement, that evolves civilization out of the chaos of barbarism, so Homer, inheriting the rich mythology of the East formed the first link in that great chain of thought and beauty, which stretching over vast gulfs of time, still holds up the nations of the world from sinking into barbarism. After the fall of Monarchy, and, consequently, in the decay of epic minstrelsy—the Greek mind, freed from the dominion of the Epic Muse, and no longer impregnated with legends handed down from antiquity, invented new forms of expression, for the thoughts and feelings corresponding to the great change made in his social institutions. Thus lyric poetry was characterized by a deep passion and feeling, which, heightened by the influence of music, constitutes one of the distinguishing features, that marked the decline of the Epic Period. In the birth and development of republican governments, the Greek individualized by the change in the body politic—now no longer came to sing of gods and heroes of the mythic age, but came as a man to pour into the souls of his audience the thoughts and feelings that burned so brightly in his own. But soon, the erotic poetry of Sappho and the Ionic softness of Anacreon gave way to nobler creations and were drowned in the louder notes of choral poetry. It was when Pericles had begun to realize in Athens his

grand ideal of human greatness—that the literature of Athens shot up with a vigor and brilliance, which it had not hitherto attained. 'Twas then that the Tragic poets took up the mantle of the past and winged their way along the highest arch of the imagination that “spans the universe from pole to pole.” 'Twas then that the creations of Æschylus, “quarried out of varnished ethical systems,” portrayed in Miltonic grandeur the irresistible march of fate. 'Twas then that Sophocles and Euripides bodied forth on “wings of melody” truths that have flown across the gulf of two thousand years. 'Twas then that the Historic Muse, walking in the gigantic shadow of the Epic Age, reflected in all the glow of beauty and vigor, the intellectuality and genius of that Ionic race, who sprang from the soil of “Heaven-kissed Attica.” It has been intimated that Roman literature is a vigorous imitation of the beautiful creations of the Attic muse. Roman genius, serious, grave, majestic, was essentially utilitarian. The Roman mind possessed the *germs* of those faculties capable of cultivation and improvement—such as taste and genius, but had not that imagination and fancy which is the distinctive feature of Greek mind. But when the rich treasures of Athenian literature had been opened to the vigorous intellect of Rome, “when captive Greece led captive the fierce conqueror,” the union of thought and form gave birth to the rare splendor and glory of Roman literature when it had attained its highest development. It was in the rich and decaying mind of Greece that the vigorous youth of Rome’s majestic intellect, fastened its roots, and over which it waved its luxuriance. The Epic muse of Rome, nurtured in the rich productions of the mythic age of Greece, imitated its master epic, and, to the traditions of the Republic, she united the fire and energy of the Greek imagination. The *Æneid* of Virgil—the most beautiful flower of the Augustan age, drawing its nutriment from the rich and mellow minstrelsy of Greece, and vitalized by the vigor of

Roman genius, bathed itself in the beauties and glories of each age. It was upon the *debris* of her intellectual ruins that the stern genius of Rome planted the standard of his utilitarianism and erected the proud and lofty fabric of his political and literary ascendancy. But, the gorgeous sun of the Augustan age was destined too soon to be obscured by the clouds of war and violence that ushered in the fast declining Empire of the Cæsars; with the fall of the liberties of Rome, the golden age of literature rapidly declined; then came the twilight of the silver age—prophetic of the night of gloom that succeeded. We are thus introduced to the *Modern Epoch*—the *third* and last grand epoch in the history of literature. In the development of the European mind—that is, of its literature, which is but a symbol and product of it, there exist two distinct periods—the *Troubadour*, and the *Didactic*.

When “the chaos of the northern immigrations” began to settle in the fair fields of Italy, the mind of man which had slumbered for five hundred years and which had been energized by new powers, started on its pilgrimage to the eternal Mecca of Truth, which is in God.

Chivalry was the *soul* of the Troubadour Period. When the Northern mind embodying this “ideal world,” had been brought in contact with the refined and subtle Arabic intellect, that in a distant quarter of the world, was then radiating from the emblazoned throne of Caliphs the gorgeous light of its glowing literature, I say, ’twas then that there sprang forth the provincial literature that “edged the blackness of darkness,” and like an electric flash illuminated the mediæval gloom with the brightness of its flame. The Trouveves in the north responded to the echo, and from Germany there leaped forth such a blaze of poetry as is unparalleled in the Troubadour period of any nation. Its master epic, the *Nibelungen Leid*, is the *Iliad* of the North. But, soon, the sweet notes of the Suabian lyre dies

away with the "last breath of Couvadin, when the star of the Suabian dynasty had set."

It would not be *out of place* here to say, that in the historical development of the European mind, there exists a certain analogy between it and that of an individual. Our self-consciousness is a revelation to us of a universe, wondrous and beautiful. "The world within, and the world without"—all instinct with a divinity, are infinitely beautiful. But ere long comes a harsher time. The fervid lyrical past must give place to the spirit of inquiry and energy. "The graceful minuet dance of Fancy" must yield to the irresistible march of the Understanding. Without entering into the details of this comparison, I may say that, that "tuneful chivalry" and that high cheering devotion to the "Godlike in Heaven," and to women "*its emblems on Earth*"—those crusades and chivalric love songs, are the heroic actions of Europe's youth; to which a corresponding manhood must succeed. The gay melody of the age of Fancy has ended, and nothing now is heard but the unmusical sounds of labor and effort. "The Gay Science" is no longer cultivated—literature has ceased to become an amusement, and is now addressed to the intellect rather than to the heart.

Thus we are brought in close relations to the second grand development of the European mind, which may be called the *Didactic Period*. The *Spirit of Inquiry* which was the *soul* of the Didactic Period manifested itself, (1) in the assertion of a political right, (as exhibited in the decline of feudalism, and in the continental wars in the thirteenth century, of which it is not my duty to speak), and (2) in the sublime assertion of an intellectual right, which was identical with the Great Reformation. In the more important intellectual development, I shall here need to enter into a more definite discussion, since it lies especially in the province of my theme.

It has been said by Hallam, the spirit of liberty was the

great underlying principle of the republics of Greece and Rome. When that spirit, as reflected in their literature, had been brought in contact with the spirit of honor and loyalty, it gave a richness and grandeur to the Gothic mind, which can only be seen from its *wonderful productions*. And when to this was added the spirit of religion—the Spirit of the Holy Word of God, the intellect of man, *charged with true fire from Heaven*, started on its new and grander march to the golden gates of the modern epoch.

Tearing “Bloated Prejudice” from the throne of Centuries, it soon overthrew with its adamant strength a corrupt and wicked hierarchy. The death-blow was struck at scarlet vice and the talismans of Popish superstition fell harmless from their necks. The clashings of opinions were heard like the noise of an angry ocean. “Man’s brain was busy, his spirit stirring, his heart full, his hands not idle.”

It was *then* that this Didactic Spirit in literature reached its acme.

Pavilioned in the glittering pride of its own intellectual might, it stepped upon the stage of Europe, and amidst thunder and war convulsively renovated the world. Modern genius hailed the glories of the antique world, and revelation pointed them to the skies; so *Virgil*, the embodied spirit of the classics, conducts Dante, the great prophetic type of modern genius, to the shades below, and *Beatrice*, the embodied spirit of beauty and chivalry and christianity, points him to the abodes of the blest. Tasso in the far south strikes his spirit into harmony, and delights the poetic firmament with the brilliant corruscations of his genius. Cervantes in the west “laughs chivalry out of the world.” Rabelais in the north, raising the standard of revolt, speaks to universal man. Spenser, “the last minstrel of chivalry”—dwelling in the generous scenery of the elfin land of knighthood, lost in his dreams of antique grandeur and ideal loveliness, foreshadows in sweetly musical allegory the dawning glory of the Church of England. The Bard

of Avon—"poet of all humanity," saw in the past the fallen fragments whereon man was to build anew, and tuned his lyre as poet never sang. Bacon, in his great colossal work, established a medium between heaven and earth and brought down the true Promethean fire. *Reason* worked in him like *instinct*. The electric Spirit of Truth swept over the continent of Europe and gave new life to the energies of each national mind. John Milton led on his christian epic and touched the chords that echoed to nature and to his God—a poet whose name wrapped in the productions of his genius, will live while "the King of Nature" awakens life upon the limits of this globe. Corneille in France caught the improving strain, and struck his lyre in the courts of kings. Voltaire shone out like a planet in the intellectual heavens—he was no atmospheric meteor. Like a brilliant comet plunging through barren wastes of chaos and unbelief, he lighted up with new splendor the empyrean of letters. Goethe and Schiller, two great "fire pillars" in the van guard of freedom of thought—worshipping at the sacred shine of Hebrew literature beheld through the illumined vista of the modern epoch, the dawn of an all *embracing, cosmical spirit* in literature; and, in the *twilight* of which, thank God, we now live. We, who live in this Golden Age of Intellect, should appreciate its responsibilities. Our own America, "the full grown flower of civilization," files into the grand march of nations and of mind, and is destined to perform before an admiring world the last obsequies to Old Time, as she hails the Apocalyptic glories of Eternity. It is, when Europe shall have made her contributions to our social constitution—when England, France and Germany—"the hand, the tongue, and the mind of Europe," shall have entered into our social organism, I say, 'tis then, that we, embodying, as it were, the *Soul of the Universe*, and launched upon the "molten sea of Printed Thought"—all instinct with the spirit of liberty, and of the holy christian religion, shall

erect upon these Grand Epochs, these flaming pillars in the spiritual universe, the invisible empire of a regenerated world. How then shall we realize that "enrapturing eureka?"

Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God,
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds
To show the most of Heaven, he hath in him.

PANOLA.

"POOR IRELAND!"

* * * * "Alas poor country!"

It has been the fashion to say, and it has been said so long and so loud, that it passes for an axiom, that Ireland is the victim of English misrule—that the source of all her misfortunes has been and is mis-government. At one time the charge made is of oppression, at another, neglect; but always, whatever happens, England is to blame! Now we hope to prove, that this is untrue; and to show that this country should be spoken of as—"poor Ireland!"—for far different reasons.

Whatever of peace, civilization and prosperity has been introduced into Ireland, has been by England; all her misfortunes are her own—her obstinate resistance to the example, the counsels, the indefatigable indulgence, charity, and generosity of England. It is true that in old times the turbulence and disloyalty of Ireland produced relative severities on the part of England, but all traces of that system have long since disappeared. Ireland had for twenty years before the Union an independent parliament of her own. She was absolutely, and to a much greater degree than was good for her, self governed.

The Union, *besides* settling, or perhaps we might rather say *by* settling great political questions, developed in an extraordinary degree the material improvement already in progress, and ever since the Union, the Imperial Parliament has devoted itself to Irish affairs with indefatigable patience, industry and liberality.

But when we thus roundly assert, that the civil government of Ireland has been blameless in principle and generally so in practice, we do not mean to say, that the political mis-government, or non-government has not acted considerably, though collaterally, on the social relations of that susceptible people. It has, no doubt, done so, and chiefly by making all parties dissatisfied with their condition and leading them away from habits of sober industry and of gradual improvement by fabulous traditions of the past, incendiary misrepresentations of the present, and visionary prospects of some Utopian futurity in which Ireland, regenerated by republicanism, and sanctified by the extermination of the Saxon heretics, is, indeed,

"—— to be

The first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

This is the superficial nonsense which leads the uninformed and thoughtless to fall into the vague error of attributing the unhappy state of Ireland, at the present day, to English misrule.

How is it that England, the cradle of European liberty, the parent of constitutional government—she, imitated by nations aspiring to freedom and surpassed by none—she, the founder of free and prosperous colonies all over the world—she, whose single fault in all her external and colonial relations is admitted to be too great leaning to popular principle, and a too frequent sacrifice of local exigencies and individual interests—how, we ask, can it be supposed that England deals on exactly opposite principles with Ireland, and hates, oppresses, and grinds down a country, colony if

you will, towards which she ought naturally, both by consanguinity and by interest, to feel the warmest regard?

Has England so mis-governed and oppressed Wales? Has she so mis-governed and oppressed Scotland? The Isle of Man? The Channel Islands? Her possessions in America? Nay, has she so oppressed Ireland itself *north of the Boyne*, a contented, industrious, prosperous country, yet under the same government, laws, climate, everything the same but RELIGION—as that miserable land of discontent, strife, poverty, conspiracy, and blood in the south and west? Could it be rationally believed, even if we had no material evidence against it, that England was so unjust, so ungenerous, so impolitic, *so insane* to Ireland alone—to Ireland, with which she has not only such a community of social interest, but also to so great an extent a community of property, that the influential classes of Great Britain connected with great families by innumerable marriages and alliances, having great stakes in both countries, and in some cases, the greater in Ireland—should have conspired to ruin and degrade a country in which they have such a vital interest?

But why, it may be asked, is it that parliamentary opposition should have so much power in disturbing a country essentially well governed? We answer, in the first place, that even in England, a parliamentary faction can spread dissatisfaction and create confusion, when there exists no *real* grievance, nor indeed any other cause than the natural perversity which renders opposition more attractive than the hum-drum doctrines of discipline and obedience. But it is certain also that the social condition of the Irish people gives a color to the charge of maladministration with those, who do not consider that this social condition arises from causes over which governments have at best an indirect influence only, and generally no control at all. One of these causes is the natural temper of the people, which they derive from their Celtic ancestors.

"It is more easy to induce them to take up arms for their country, *or against it*, than to cultivate the earth or to wait upon the seasons. Their very amusements are polemical: fighting is a pastime which they seldom assemble without enjoying. When not driven by necessity to labor, they willingly consume their days in sloth, or as willingly waste them in riot; strange diversity of nature, to love indolence and hate quiet!"

But these peculiar characteristics of the Irish people, would, no doubt, have long since vanished before the influence of the English alliance but for one circumstance, which distinguishes the Irish from, we believe, any other people, and which is the paramount influence that sways her strange destiny—we mean that a vast majority of the peasantry profess a *religion not merely different from, but inveterately hostile to* that of the State, (heretofore at least) and of the great majority of the educated and wealthier classes. *All the civil and political, and even social evils of Ireland, (with but few, trifling exceptions) may be traced to the condition and influence of the Roman Catholic religion in that country!* The most cursory observer cannot travel through Ireland without being everywhere struck by the difference between the Protestant and Romanist houses—nay, between the manner and apparel of the individual Protestants and Romanists. In the former there is everywhere visible an approach to the British prototype, in industry, neatness, and loyalty; in the former, everywhere the reverse. In those terrible annals of blood which form so large a portion of the domestic history of Ireland, we hardly ever read of a Protestant culprit or of a Romanist victim. In the poor houses and amongst the recipients of out-door relief, there is not found one Protestant for every hundred Romanists! The Romanist population being six to one, and including a still larger number of the laboring classes, would naturally have a vastly greater number of paupers; but the difference (as we learn) is beyond all merely statistical proportion.

It is still worse in a political point of view. The catholic priests have helped to envenom the inherent antipathy to the heretic government, and heretic church of England. It is a notorious fact that a large proportion of the Roman Catholic clergy have ever been, and are still, the most active disturbers of the public mind in Ireland, whether by denunciations of individuals from the altar, in so many cases followed by murder, whether by clerical charges, pastoral (!) charges, or inflam matory speeches; and it is no less notorious that too many, who have not made themselves conspicuous, have been almost as guilty *by not using their undoubted influence* either in preventing crime, or in bringing criminals to justice. In short we have arrived by accumulated evidence, at the conclusion, that as a body, the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland are turbulent and disloyal, and the first and chief cause of all crimes, disorders, and miseries of the unhappy flocks of which they are the discontented pastors.

Whenever they see what they think a propitious opportunity for a bloody and disastrous rebellion, they unfurl *the green flag over the crucifix*, and so keep Ireland, as they have done, in a chronic fever, that of *itself* impedes improvement, but when aggravated by the occurrence of famine, renders that unhappy land a charnel-house *from starvation* if not from battle.

"Alas poor country"

Not to be called their mother, but their grave?"

We have thus boldly but, as we believe, truly stated the real cause of the disorders which have won for this country the epithet—**POOR IRELAND.**

The late rebellion and its immediate consequences, are utterly contemptible, except as a symptom of the incredible rashness of which Irish demagogues are capable, and of the alarming readiness with which the peasantry join in each desperate enterprise.

Popery is, as to secrecy and concert, a kind of free-

masonry in Ireland; and there is little doubt that whenever it is determined in the Irish Conclave to have a rebellion, they may have it in one night, with probably no other warning than that kind of mysterious gloom and agitation which indicates that mischief is brewing, without affording any practical warning as to the time, place or extent of the danger. Against this the only effectual guard is a more extensive system of local defence and co-operation; a course which would in time have the happy effect of preventing any outbreak at all. Between nations we are no favorer of the maxim, "*si vis pacem, para bellum!*" as it too often tends to exasperate; yet it is undoubtedly the best, and we might say the only preventative, which the English government can have against such disorders and rebellions, as we have been led to notice.

THE WANDERING JEW.

A FRAGMENT.

"The wanderer is amongst the Alps, at the brink of a horrible chasm. * * * He is lured to cast himself into that black gulph in quest of rest,—when an angel flashes out of the gloom with the sword of flame turning every way, keeping him back from what would be a Paradise indeed, the repose of Death!"—*Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, page 2.

Above him, mountains rose on high,
In icy grandeur to the sky;
While dark a thousand feet below,
From the ledge's beatling brow,
Sunk a chasm's fearful gorge
Reeking with the murky breath
Of the torrent's vapor surge,
Dim through whose rolling wreaths were seen,
Huge hanging woods of evergreen—
It seemed the dread abode of Death!
And all around as far and wide
As vision stretched on every side,

Bright pinacles arose,
With no green tree or misty cloud—
Wrapped only in the glittering shroud
Of everlasting snow !

A moment here the traveller rests,
A moment looks upon the west,
Where lingering sunlight slumbers now
Upon the mountain's rugged brow.
Silence reigned there, inanimate voice
Was none, save the distant noise
Of the falls beneath ; and living breath
Dwelt not in those " icy halls " of death !
It was a scene as wild and rude
As God e'er made for solitude !

The wanderer speaks — :
" O lessening Sun, in thy descent I see
An image of my misery—
E'en as thy glories wane, and pass away,
I saw my hopes and joys decay.
Oft have I prayed for power to cleave the air,
On wings of light, to flee from my despair ;
O'er ocean's wave have sought lands far away,
Where all unknown, might rest this weary clay,
And when the tempest raged upon the deep
Hoped it might bring eternal sleep ! "

" For centuries alone and slow
I've traversed realms of the orient clime ;
From Nilus' flood to where sublime
Throned Lebanon mocks the hand of time,
Crowned with eternal snow !
I've seen proud *Anglia, which long
Hath been renowned in story,
The land of chivalry and song,
And learnings proudest glory.
And then from Albion's honored isle,
I've passed where brighter climates smile,—
And hailed full many a land whose name
Hath filled the sounding trump of fame.
The home of science, sunny France,
And Spain, renowned for love and lance,
And beauty's dark eyed daughters ;
Florence, too, by Arno's stream,
Hath come and faded like a dream ;
And rising from the waters,

*Anglia—ancient name of England.

That now no more her sceptre own,
 Proud Venice on her marble throne !
 Decaying Rome before me rose,
 That trimumphed o'er a thousand foes
 And through long ages reigned afar
 From th' Orient to th' Evening star,
 Now in majestic woe ;
 And classic Athens met my eyes
 Beneath her own unclouded skies ;
She too became the spoiler's prize—
 Time brings the mighty low !
 Dim, fleeting all, and undefined,
 Leaving no impress on the mind,
 These scenes like shadows passed."

" Again in silent, musing mood
 In lovely Palestine I stood ;
 Where long before, in childhood's days,
 I loved on its fair scenes to gaze ;
 And with a mournful pleasure staid
 Beneath my city's ruin's shade,
 Where long had dwelt in conscious pride,
 My native race—by Kedron's tide.
 For there was harmony between
 My ruined hopes and such a scene.
 For centuries the sun had shone
 On these stern piles of blackened stone
 Hundreds of vanished joys appeared
 To mock my sad heart, lone, and seared !
 Dismantled were the ivied walls
 Deserted were the humble halls,
 Wild weeds were growing on the hearth,
 And where the festal board was spread,
 For revelry and joyous mirth.,
 The "dust of ages" marked my tread,
 And through each ruined chambers gloom
 There reigned the silence of the tomb !
 Thus do all human hopes decay,
 Thus passeth earthly power away ! "

" Empires have risen in might
 And peopled cities through the outspread earth,
 And I have passed them at the hour of night,
 List'ning to the sounds of revelry and mirth.

— Again I have gone by—
 City and empire were alike o'erthrown ;
 And soon, this bright world and starry sky
 Shall from existence like a scroll have flown ! "

"Son of Eternity! Unwearied Time!
Thine is dominion o'er our mortal years!
Still with unsparing wing from clime to clime
Beauty and bloom, thou turn'st to dust and tears.
O! bearer stern of trembling hopes and fears,
Shaking the breast with grief and passion's gust,
Still must my heart consume with cankering cares
Till all things earthly be commingled in the dust!

Crowned with a garland of the things that were
Time, thou hast breathed on me thy withering breath,
Till my torn heart stands desolate and bare,
As a leafless oak on the blasted heath.
No hopes fresh foliage round it greenly wreath,
For Oh! its fount of gushing life is dry!
This mortal frame thou canst not change by death,
Yet Time! *thou canst not be Eternity!*"

"I see thee for the last, O Sun!
My race of sorrow now is run;
Enough of grief and dreadful fears;
Of darkened hopes and bitter tears!
Enough of life's perpetual gloom!
This yawning gulph shall be my tomb!"
He spoke, and rushing to the brow,
With one wild cry assayed to throw
Him down the dread abyss below.
But see! He backward starts with fear,
He feels an angel's presence near,
A spirit's arm is 'bout him prest,
A flaming sword denies him rest!

From peak to peak above his head,
Bright rays of heavenly light are spread
Spanning the abyss of fear,
And all was hushed so tranquilly,
It seem'd the abode of Deity!
Then on his listening ear,
A "still small voice" did warning steal.

"Seek not to break life's sacred seal,
Thou canst not hence thy dark soul send,
Thou must survive till time shall end.
Unresting still on earth must roam
Till God himself shall call thee home!"

Olla-podrida.

COLLEGE NEWS.

AFFAIRS AT HOME.

We do not offer any excuse to our subscribers for the non-appearance of the No., in December, as it was your own fault. You did not give us enough *printable* matter. The Sophomores and Freshmen generally consider that they have nothing to do with such matters; the Juniors, were prevented from writing by their twenty-four page essay; and the Seniors, by laziness or rather by their Chapel-Stage speeches; hence we were left to get pieces, as best we could. Material enough for the devil (we mean the printer's) was at last obtained, and it was the intention of the Editors to have it out immediately at the commencement of the term, but our printer was unable to procure tinted paper enough for some time, hence the delay. All obstacles have at last been overcome, and we now present it to our subscribers.

We are sorry that we can not, with our meereschaum in our mouth and our feet on the table; indulge in a little *editorial* musing, and especially are we tempted to do so when we consider that after one short session, one more class will have gone from "Old Nassau"; but we must give up all such *long ago* habits and try to keep pace with the tremendous strides our College is making toward improvement. That the physical developement of the students may not be inferior to their mental,

THE GYMNASIUM—will be commenced in the spring. It is to be placed between West College and the site of the old gymnasium, and to be built of stone. The intention of the trustees is to cover the whole way from the back campus to Railroad Avenue with college buildings. It is therefore proposed that, at some future time, buildings shall be erected between Dr. Melvaine's residence and the Observatory. The first will probably be a dormitory; one is certainly needed, as many of the students who desire to room in college are forced to remain in town. The damp "barrack rooms" then can be left for more pleasant as well as more healthy quarters.

MR. GREEN has concluded to allow the college to use the money he gave

immediately, instead of making us wait three years that the interest for the three years might be added to it; and to his former generous gift he now adds the interest it would have acquired in that time. Consequently a *Recitation Building* will be commenced in the spring, on the corner immediately back of the Chapel. It is to be built after the best models, and with all the modern improvements. Five years from now the Freshmen will scarcely believe that their old friends ever recited in such damp dark rooms as are now used; they will think the Sophs are trying to stuff them.

A LARGE BUILDING, containing an Alumni Hall, and halls for all the public exercises of the college, will soon be erected on the "City Hall Square." It will be placed some distance from the street, that the campus may be extended in front of it, and beautiful, indeed, will be our campus when it is thus improved. It is already one of the finest possessed by any college. So much for the college improvements.

THE REGULATIONS—adopted by the trustees, concerning the sale of rooms, give general dissatisfaction, and those who have rooms to sell, are by no means loudest in their complaints. The old way of buying and selling suited the *students*, why change them? The exorbitant prices asked for some of the rooms is the *alleged* excuse for it. The real reason for adopting them, as it seems to us, was that the disposal of rooms might be entirely under the control of the faculty. That large prices have been asked for the rooms, especially in East and West, no one denies; but that these prices were so *exorbitant*, is disproved by the fact that the "valuation made by the competent disinterested person, selected by the faculty," is in nearly every instance as high, often higher, as that which the seller had set upon it.

Under the old regime, after you had spoken for a room, you were sure of getting it, and could also select your own chum; under the new, you have no idea whether or not the Fates, or rather the Faculty, will decide that you may occupy a room in the college; and even if you are so fortunate as to obtain a room, you know not whom they may force on you as a room-mate, and all know how disagreeable and injurious it is for any one to be continually in the society of those with whom we have no common tastes.

It is well known that when anything is scarce and in demand, a high price is always set on it; the trustees need not expect to find a different state of things in this part of the world. Then let the old way of buying and selling continue until the new dormitory is erected, when the high prices can easily be lowered by having rooms enough to accommodate all the students. Then if some prefer to room in town, let them pay six dollars each session for the *privilege*, and be not so unjust as to force it out of them now when the only choice may be between an uncomfortable room and paying the *fine*. We do not expect the Faculty and Trustees to make every little change that we may suggest, but we hope they will give this the attention it merits.

To atone for these regulations, the trustees have about decided to make the latter part of the course, from about Junior half-advanced, optional. Thus affording to all those not fond of digging from their graves the "dead languages," an opportunity of becoming something more than *sextons*. They can practice their minds by trying to reach the higher mathematics or by struggling through the mazes of metaphysics. When all these improvements

have been made, Princeton will stand second to no college in the land, if she does now. There is a little doubt, however, upon this point, as can be seen from reading what a correspondent of the *N. Y. World*, says of Baker Institute, (colored) Charleston, S. C. "It embraces a course of study, before which even the students of Princeton might well tremble."

In order that the students might be clothed in a manner becoming an institution making such mighty changes, a majority were in favor of dressing us in a—CAP AND GOWN.

Accordingly a petition was sent to the Faculty, asking them to give their approval to the scheme. The request was denied, though the faculty rather favored it, because a large minority of the students were opposed to it. It may be adopted yet: if so, would it not be advisable to send a committee—say ten—of our best looking men to welcome the Oxford crew *when* it comes over to the Harvard Regatta. It would certainly be pleasant for the "Oxfordians" to see the familiar "cap and gown." It would also show them that the Americans are not far behind the Henglishmen, and that we can equal them in dress, if not in learning.

HAZING—has been "fouly dealt with" in nearly all the colleges where it was formerly practiced. It has not been the fashion here for several years. Whether this resulted from the Sophs. suddenly considering that it was "rough" to treat the Fresh so badly, as they had just left home and their "mammias," or from many of the *hazers* finding it *necessary* "to go to the country" to recover from their exertions, we are unable to say. Even Rakes have grown unpopular, and it seems to be the general determination of the students to have no more of them. If they could be made a mere collection of college jokes, and amusing incidents they would be a good addition to our college fun, but when they descend to vulgarity and harsh abuse, they soon grow tiresome.

If the disorder in chapel were only stopped, (and we think this does call loudly for reformation) we suppose the faculty could find little fault with us. We would suggest as one preventative, that some listing be put on the doors, that there may not be so much *slamming*.

CLASS DAY.—Oxford has its annual races, Harvard, its regattas, Yale, its Wooden Spoon Day, Trinity, its Compensation Day, and nearly all the principal colleges of the land have some institution of this kind, and it was a subject of much regret to us when we were deprived of the only thing that was exclusively under our control. A petition was sent in to the trustees, signed by many of the class, asking that the day might be reinstated. The petition was granted, at the recommendation of the faculty. The seniors are to be kept here the whole of the spring vacation, passing their final examinations during the last week of it, and on the first day of the next session, Class Day will be celebrated.

Those of us who were expecting to run for class poet or "library orator," began to think of visiting our friends and taking them to the oyster saloons. We were rejoicing that our college was not filled with secret societies, and that a man would not be chosen simply because he happened to belong to some one of them, but because he deserved the honor; hence it was very probable that we would be chosen. But alas! our dreams of greatness were rudely dissipated by the seniors resolving that they would not celebrate the day. The principal reasons against it being the time and the expense. The class is small, and the

expense could with difficulty be borne, as most of them had invested their "spare cash" in pictures, in class albums, &c. The resolution was only carried by one majority. This was a bitter disappointment to many of the class and college, and we doubt not, to many friends of the students. The action of the class may be reconsidered and we may yet take our departure from Nassau amid music and general rejoicing. If so, may none of us be then found *missing*.

THE SENIOR ORATIONS were rather poorly attended, and as a general thing the audience grew most beautifully less toward the end of the hour; from which fact we inferred that the students had been reading Dr. Todd's manual, and were unwilling to hear more than they could digest. This is an excellent plan, no doubt, yet it is a little annoying to the speakers, to have persons continually leaving. Several made their first public speech on this occasion, and some undoubtedly their last: for this privilege may not be extended to them next commencement, as some one jocosely remarked. No one can accuse the Princetonians of any lack of patriotism, as nearly every speech contained something about the American government, and all were extremely zealous in reminding us of our duty to her. Speaking of speaking reminds us that the

JUNIOR ORATORS, chosen to represent the Halls at the ensuing commencement, are: Messrs. Crawford, Kyle, Schell and Smith, from Whig Hall, and Messrs. Bartholomew, A. Joline, Temple and Yeisly, from Clio Hall.

LIBRARY.—We had intended to write a powerful piece concerning our library; not about the room, for that is handsome enough to suit all, neither about the librarian, for all acknowledge his gentlemanly kindness in assisting us in our weary search for books; but we were about to write about the great need of new works, and of books to complete broken sets. We intended to set forth the deficiency of our library in such a manner, that we were sure some lover of his Alma Mater would come to our rescue, and "come down with the necessary sponges," so that we might have the pleasure of classing him with Messrs. Marquand and Bonner, as benefactors of our institution. We also intended to blow at the proper authorities for not having the library open more than once a week. We are glad however, to announce that we were saved from these disagreeable duties by learning that a librarian is to be appointed, and that the library will be opened every day; and better still that from a liberal donation to the college, a part of the yearly income, will be used in refitting the library.

BASE BALL.—There was more excitement over base ball than usual last fall, as the different classes were contending for the championship of the college. '69 had held it since she entered; and it was with great reluctance that she yielded it to '70. The two remaining games of the series were played in the latter part of the season. It is a little doubtful how the last game would have gone, had not one of our best players been severely hurt in the sixth inning, at which time the scores were about the same. We give the scores of the principal games.

Oct. 24.—'69 vs. Picked Nine	—	Picked Nine victorious,	23—13
" 26.—" vs. '70	—	'70	" 16—10
Nov. 7.—" vs. "	—	"	" 25—10
—Whig vs. Clio	—	Whig	" 39—16

Yale was expected down during the fall to play our university nine, but were unable to come. There was a little discussion among the students how we should treat them: whether we should "heap coals of fire on their heads" by treating

them well—as they did *not* treat us—or whether we should treat them, as students of one college should not treat those of another—as they *did* treat us. Our first gentlemen (for we have gentlemen, notwithstanding Mr. Jerome's inability to find one *gentlemanly* enough to take his medal) decided that we ought to treat them as gentlemen, for they might be willing then to treat us in the same manner when our University nine goes out again next summer, as we understand it now thinks of doing.

FOOT BALL also gave us plenty of exercise and excitement, after the day of base ball. '71 came off victorious in all the contest games.

THE RECREATIONS given by Dr. McCosh every fortnight to the students, furnish opportunities for us to cultivate our powers of conversation, by mingling with the lovely ladies of Princeton. We fear, however, that some, instead of oiling the rusty hinges of their tongues and playing the agreeable, are rather prone to seek some quiet corner, or to studiously busy themselves examining the Doctor's philosophical library. Now we think that every one ought to try to learn something at all times, but we leave it to you to determine whether one can learn human nature better from a corner than from mingling with the company, or whether an entertainment is the place to study Kant's noumenon and phenomenon.

A LECTURE ASSOCIATION has been formed here, and though now struggling with many difficulties, will, doubtless, finally be a great benefit and pleasure to the students. Rev. De Witt Talmage of Philadelphia, gave a very interesting lecture on Grumbler & Co., on Tuesday, 19th. We suppose the association will soon have some of the distinguished lecturers in the country to meet us.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHER, Mr. Howell has given very general satisfaction. There were many in the class who disliked to give up Mr. Moran, who pleased the last class so well, but Mr. Howell has made none of us regret our choice. His stereoscopic views are as fine as we have ever seen. We do not think, however, that the card vignettes are as fine as the samples he sent us or as those we see in his studio. We take pleasure in recommending him to the next class, and we hope to see him more permanent in his stay here, than was his skylight.

The Sunday lectures of Dr. McCosh on the "Life of Christ," are largely attended by students of the college and seminary.

CHESS CLUB.—At a meeting not long since, the following officers were elected:

W. McKibbin, '69, President.

A. P. Happer, '71, Vice President.

G. K. Ward, '69, 1st Director.

R. L. Stevens, '72, 2d Director.

Alex. Henry, Jr., '70, Secretary.

C. M. Field, '71, Treasurer.

We are requested to say that "the Club is open to all challenges, and would be glad to hear from any other chess organization."

The mayor of the place has issued an ordinance requiring the citizens to clean snow off the walks, as soon as possible after it had ceased falling, and we were sorry that his jurisdiction did not extend to the college grounds. The college authorities, however, seem determined not to be behind the mayor, as was seen from their having paths cut through the snow, instead of waiting for us to tread our own way.

We here return our thanks to members of the faculty for information furnished; and also to one of the editors of the last number of the Lit. for several items.

DOINGS AT OTHER COLLEGES.

DARTMOUTH—has graduated over 3,500 students. They now have four departments there; Academical, Scientific, Agricultural and Medicinal. They have lately been blessed with something we greatly need, a new organ.

CORNELL.—We saw from an exchange that the tuition here was only twenty dollars: 2,000 young men have applied for admission. There seems to be some misunderstanding about a student being able to pay his way through by working. Mr. Cornell said in his opening speech, that a skilled mechanic might be able, in a short time, to pay his way, by working half the time. A new "Era" has dawned upon the institution in the shape of a paper, edited by the Juniors. We have not yet had an opportunity of seeing it, but we have no doubt but that it will succeed, as it is highly spoken of by many of our exchanges. Shakespeare is studied by the Freshmen. We hope his stirring tragedies are not regarded, like those of *Æschylus*, as horrible bores.

HARVARD.—\$10,000 has been given to establish a fellowship, the first and only one of this country; thus having some one of her own graduates always prepared to fill any vacancy that may occur in the faculty. An Alumni Association has been formed, and it is their intention to raise a sum not less than \$500,000. This added to the princely endowments Harvard already possesses, will greatly increase the power of this institution, which already stands at the head of American colleges.

They received a visit not long since from the *Silent Man*. He did not make a speech. George Washington could not speak, neither could Napoleon. Atom wants to know if any one saw Gen. Grant's son, when he first came to chapel. J. K. Stone, the young president of Hobart, is a graduate of Harvard.

YALE.—The Seniors are trying to wade through Prof. Porter's work on "The Human Intellect." Theo. Tilton says, that God has predestinated the negro to be president of Yale. The Lit. enquires, why it may not be a negress as females are taking such a prominent part in our country, and as they now are receiving in many places the same education. Secret societies are now showing their true colors there. Two of them united together, and wanted to have all the class honors to themselves. No man not from one or the other could be elected to represent the class at the Wooden Spoon Exhibition. The remainder of the class very justly refused to allow this, consequently there is a considerable squabble.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.—Anna Dickison and Fred. Douglas, Horace Greely and P. V. Nasby, are among the lecturers. Quite a variety that. It numbers 1,117 students. '69 has distinguished itself by adopting a class cane. "Gabriel Franklin Hargo, an American gentleman of African 'scent, applied for admittance and as there was no objection to him, except his color, he was admitted." Our first latin scholar and college wit suggests the following: as colleges are now opening

for white and black, male and female, to distinguish the graduates, I offer the following, as the plural of *Alumnus*:

Alumni.	Alumnae.	Alumna.
Male.	Female.	Colored.

UNIVERSITY OF N. C.—Before the war this was the best college south of the University of Virginia, and though greatly injured by the war, it was gradually recovering its former standing, when the bogus legislature of the state put several negroes on the board of trustees, and opened it to all colors. The faculty immediately resigned, the students left, and now the University is about \$60,000 in debt.

AMHERST.—Evening prayers have been abolished, and the students are now rejoicing that they have a hall for their public exercises.

TRINITY.—A major, captain and private of the confederate army are studying there, or as an exchange says, "a capt., private and majority of the rebel army." The Faculty have given the students a "Compensation Day," in the place of the annual game of foot-ball. *Tablet* is advocating in elaborate arguments that all recitations be in the forenoon.

WILLIAMS.—"All quiet along the Potomac to-night," except a stray shot now and then about the *Great Rebellion*. They have no tutors, to initiate the Freshmen into the mysteries of college life. The legislature of Massachusetts will give the college \$75,000, if the alumni will raise an equal sum.

HAMILTON.—An alumni association has been formed. When a hot body radiates its heat, the surrounding objects immediately absorb it. This law of nature is imitated in colleges. The tuition of Hamilton is lowered from \$30 to \$20. We immediately raise ours from \$30 to \$40. No money is lost.

WESLEYAN.—Has an Ayres Prize, similar to the admittitur of Trinity. They also have an embryo Weston.

WESLEYAN FEMALE.—This is the first college built in the west by the Methodists. They have 200 students; fourteen of the professors are ladies. It cost \$200,000, all of which has been paid except \$35,000.

WILLIAMS AND MARY.—A legacy of \$8,000 has been received from England which was left them by Margaret Whaley in 1742. It has made an appeal to its friends to place it in the same condition it was before the war. It suffered severely.

ALBION.—A lady graduate of the last class has been elected a Professor.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.—Mr. A. A. Low has given \$500 to the library. They have nearly recovered from all the injuries received during the war, numbering now about 600 students.

A Female Seminary has been established at St. Petersburg.

CRITICAL REVIEW.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

B. L. Z. BuB, sends us an article on "Wishing," and were all of it as good as some parts are, we would gladly publish it. We certainly agree with him in wishing that the "higher mathematics" were a little lower, so that at least a few of the class might be able to reach them. We are afraid, however, that they can not be brought lower, as the standard of the college is continually being

raised. Often have we been entirely *lost* when we were wandering through the heavens in search of something we knew not what, and how often have we thought of the beautiful lines of the poet, when the Prof. was asking us about some star,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder *what you are!*"

We are not sure that B. L. Z. BuB is right in wishing that there was a translation of Cicero's Epistole. It would be real nice, though, to have a pony on which we could ride over to see "Cicero in his Tuseulan Villa." Not wishing to have any further dealings with the Old Boy we now lay him aside.

De Natura Infantium is far too metaphysical for our readers. The author's views are not sound, and if carried out, our world would soon want inhabitants. He certainly does not intend to be a contestant for the "Silver Cup."

The '60s and '70s, though an excellent piece for Class Day or for a Valedictory, was hardly the kind of pieces for the Lit. If he runs we pledge ourselves to vote for him as Class Orator; then he can tell us of the last of the '60s, and of the three representatives of the '70s.

Physical Culture, a poetic tribute to *Marquand* and *Robert Bonner*, had a good object in view, and we were sorry that the writer's poetic ability was not equal to his good intentions. It closes thus:

"And may there be written
High on the scroll of honor,
By angel's hands, the names,
MARQUAND AND ROBERT BONNER."

By angel's hands! We suppose of course that only the names of *good* men, who have performed meritorious actions, are written there by the angels. By whom, then, are the names of distinguished *bad* men inscribed on the "scroll of honor?" We await further developments.

Passing Thoughts came in too late for publication. We feel "sorrowous" that we can not give it to our readers; for we think they would enjoy them.

Classical Study.—As we had one piece already on this subject, we were compelled to refuse this. Opposite views were taken of the subject by the two writers, and had space permitted, we would have "pitched" them in together, and let them fight it out.

We predict "The Wanderer's Return" to its home.

Do. of "*Thoughts in Rural England*."

The Literature of Rome under the Republic, we would have published, if we had not had a piece already in which was very similar to it, and we did not wish our readers to consider any thing as "tedious as a twice told tale."

We were obliged to reject *The Future of America* for the want of space; we hope, however, that it will appear in future.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We have received the following Magazines: Yale Literary, Hamilton Literary, Michigan University, University of Virginia, Union Literary, Canton, Collegian, Denison, Oo., American Educational Monthly, The Ionian. Also the following papers: Advocate, Amherst Student, Tablet, Vidette, College Argus, McKendree Repository, The Madisonensis, The Institute, The University Chronicle, Collegian, Willoughby, Oo., Mercury, and University Reporter.

Yale Literary.—We consider this the best magazine on our Table, and we can not imagine why with the position it has attained and from the number of subscribers it must have, they do not present it in a more attractive form. In the record of base-ball games for this year, we notice that only one of the games played between '69 Princeton and '69 Yale is mentioned. This was *perhaps* an oversight. We would remind them that there was also a game played at Yale in which '69 Princeton was again victorious. Score 18 to 17. It says of us "*The Nassau Literary*, claims to be the best *looking* magazine in the country." This we suppose was meant to be a very sarcastic remark, but we are so blunt as not to feel it much. Will they be kind enough to point out to us when and where we have ever claimed anything of the kind? We do not remember of ever indulging in such a remark, but our memory may be short. Many of our exchanges compliment us not only on our external appearance, but also on our "intrinsic worth." Be careful when you read articles praising us, that your spectacles be not *green*; else some might think you were troubled with "green-eyed jealousy."

"*Yale jealous of Princeton!* Ha! Ha! That is too good." Funny isn't it.

Michigan University Magazine.—We do not think that this magazine, though one of the handsomest and best of our exchanges, contains as much reading matter as it should, coming from a college numbering 1118 students. There are only about twenty-five pages of contributions, with about fifteen of editorial notes and Book Reviews.

Collegian, Denison, O., is lamenting that its name has become so popular. A paper of same name is now published at Washington College, Va. They have adopted an excellent method for obtaining subscribers. A committee of ladies from the female seminary in the same place obtain subscriptions from the gentlemen, and a committee of gentlemen are sent to the seminary. *Collegian* says of the *Lit*. "In general appearance and intrinsic worth it is not excelled by any college magazine of our acquaintance, and no exchange is more welcomed at our sanctum. We love to see it so thoroughly alive to the interests of 'Old Princeton.' From the tone of its editorial remarks the students are full of enthusiasm over their new executive, Dr. McCosh. That is right but please remind them, Editors, that McCosh belongs to all our colleges. Princeton has no exclusive right." We don't see it.

Union Literary, Canton.—We are glad to receive this new exchange. As we are unable to have ladies in our sanctum, we like to come as near to it as possible by having exchanges that do. It is easy to see from the editorial that a lady "had a Hand" in it.

The Virginia University Magazine.—The pieces in the last number, were too long to be interesting. One piece being 16 pages long, another 14. We would also suggest that the "Editors' Drawer," contain a little more college news.

The Hamilton Literary says that when a man subscribes for a magazine, he is expected to pay for it. We call the attention of some of our subscribers to this.

We also received a number of *The Ionian*, but have yet been unable to look it over.

The College Argus says of the *Lit*. "The typography of this college periodical is surpassed by none, if it is equalled by any. The principal articles are written in a lively attractive style, and the "Olla Podrida is full and racy, &c."

We have received for the first time *The University Reporter*, Iowa University. It contains an ingenious argument in favor of admitting ladies into our colleges. It takes as its text, "It is not good that the man should be alone." It is the largest college paper published. We are glad to welcome this "Western Pioneer."

The Institute says of us. *The Nassau Literary Magazine* is printed on fine tinted paper, with an elegant steel engraved cover, and sixty-five pages of first-class literature and college news, and decidedly takes the lead of all college magazines we have yet received."

Yale Literary says, "next to our own the *Nassau Literary* is the oldest in the country. It presents the best outward appearance of any college periodical."

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Mr. W. D. Thomas, Wales, is the successful candidate for the best original prose article. His prose article is "Poetry!"

Dr. McCosh was kept so busy lecturing, preaching, holding receptions, &c. during last vacation, that we really began to think the *Collegian* was right in saying, he did not belong exclusively to Princeton but to all our colleges. He has written a shap criticism on Prof. Porter's "Human Intellect."

Dr. Alexander is one of the gentlemen chosen to lecture before the American Institute, N. Y., and has delivered one or two lectures before it. Dr. Guyot also lectures there. This speaks well for Princeton.

We clip from *The Courant* the following: "Prof. Guyot is a member of the principal scientific societies of France, Italy, and of this country. He is also a corresponding member of *The Royal Geographical Society* of England. He has contributed a number of valuable papers to each of these. His lectures on the connection between history and physical geography, have been published in *Earth and Man*," of which over 16,000 volumes have been sold.

As his geographies are now being used all over the country, we think that it would be an excellent thing for Princeton, if it were stated on the title page, that he is a Professor here.

The Round Table has been criticising Dr. Atwater's *Manual of Logic*. It is a sufficient answer to all such criticisms, that it is used in the three principal colleges of the land, Harvard, Princeton and Yale.

Dr. Duffield having recovered from his sickness, has again entered upon his duties. As he brought on a relapse by giving the Seniors such a difficult examination last *Senior Final*, we suggest to him for the state of his own health, that he make the next one as easy as possible.

Prof. Cameron has also returned to instruct us in the language that comes to us clothed in the "mystic garb of the orient." He and the Juniors are trying to make something out of the ravings of Medea. This lovely dame was so overcome with anger, when she indulged in those mutterings, that "her words have remained unintelligible to many to the present day."

The seniors are now enjoying Dr. Hart's lectures on English Literature.

'68.—W. Scott, "Hoping and Waiting," in Huntingdon, Pa.

L. Scott, reading law in Trenton N. J.

Withington, " " N. Y. City.

Campbell, " " " " "

- Brewster and Poulson, reading law at Columbia Law School, N. Y.
 Armstrong, reading law in Hagerstown, Md.
 Humphreys, " " Princess Ann, Md.
 J. Hoge, " " Cincinnati, Oo.
 Dorrance, " " Wilkesbarre, Pa.
 Weissinger " " Frankford, Ky.
 Davie, quit farming, and reading law in Louisville, Ky.
 Caldwell, teaching in Greensboro, N. C.
 Neill, teaching on Hudson, opposite West Point.
 Jacobus, a candidate for the *silver cup*.
 Garret, a broker in Baltimore, Md.
 Hutchison, reading law in Bordentown, N. J.
 Ryman, preaching in Milford, Pa. His thanksgiving sermon was printed by the request of the congregation.
 Spencer, manufacturing in Philadelphia.
 '69.—Blythe, teaching in Lawrenceville, N. J.
 Crusoe, clerking in Columbus, Miss.
 Thompson, travelling up the Nile.
 '71.—Smith, clerking in New York City.
 McReady, " " " "
 '72.—Ritchey, studying in Trenton.

AS PRINCETON has been adopted as the name of our institution, would it not be advisable for the next class to change the name of the *Lit. to Princeton Literary Magazine*?

We would also suggest to contributors, that they separate their productions into paragraphs, thereby saving the editors much labor.

The salaries of all the professors here have been raised \$400.

MR. CORNELL told two females that they should be admitted into the University, if they applied next year.

There are six prizes, worth \$290, given at Cornell by the Professors to the best chemistry scholars.

AGASSIZ has finished his course of lectures there. He was most enthusiastically cheered by the students, and was formally thanked by the President.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY will be opened for women, after May, 1869. They must be seventeen years of age before they can enter.

ELLIOT, the painter, spent the fall of '33 among the rustics of Clinton and the students of Hamilton, while there he persuaded Huntingdon to give up the study of the classics and to take the brush and easel. We know the result.

THE LIBRARIES of Madrid, Central University, Barcelona, Salamanca, Palma and Majorca Mahon, have 1,166,595 volumes. At the beginning of the 14th century, the Royal Library of France had only four classics, and the library of Oxford had only a few tracts.

DIFFICULTY IN CHINA.—The doctor is not allowed to see the women. "In order to ascertain the pulse, a string is tied above the wrist, and extended out the window to the doctor, who holding it between his thumb and finger, is enabled by this sort of telegraph to count the pulsations."

DIFFICULTY HERE.—We speak last, because we consider it of the least importance, of a slanderous piece about Princeton, which appeared in a paper called

The Palladium, which is published in New Haven, as we learned from its advertisement. It is not our object to answer this piece; for the reputation of Princeton is too well established to be at all injured by such a small affair as this *Palladium*—especially when the piece in all probability was written by some sophomore in the college; (we would here remind the *Palladium* of the fable of the ox and gnat); it is simply our object to correct the mistakes about the "Difficulty in Princeton." Very incorrect ideas are entertained about this difficulty, as we see from some of the *principal* papers and from our exchanges. These incorrect ideas were greatly exaggerated by a letter which appeared in the *N. Y. World*, which letter, like most of those which have appeared in the *Courant* from Princeton, was very weak.

The true account of this affair is this:

A negro in the seminary here commenced attending the Sunday afternoon lectures of Dr. McCosh, on the Life of Christ. Though his appearance there was very distasteful to many of the students, no demonstrations were made, until he sat in the same seat with a lady, the mother of one of the students. This very naturally offended many, and a petition requesting the faculty to forbid his coming again, was circulated, but was *not* sent in to the faculty as so few signed it. The affair would in all probability, have ended here, had not a student so foolish as to imagine that all must think just as he does, seized this opportunity of seeing, what in all probability he would otherwise never have seen, his opinions in print. As loftily as Napoleon ever dictated his commands, does he give his views on the subject. A reply, of which we spoke above, immediately appears in the *World*. Hence the impression gets abroad that we are in a terrible stew about the affair. Such is by no means the case, none have given themselves as much trouble about it, as have these over busy correspondents of the *Tribune* and *World*. No southern student has left, nor do any think of leaving for this; and we think it entirely out of place that such little papers as this *Palladium* should busy themselves about it.

The attendance of the negro is certainly very disagreeable to many, but we leave it to wiser heads than ours to determine whether or not it is advisable to suffer him to come.

One thing more and we have done. There is one thing we cannot understand; yea, two things are incomprehensible to us. Why the Yale periodicals, and why the New Haven papers, are so continually making such huge blows at "poor old Princeton." If we are the "little freshwater college" they call us why do they so continually try to make us smaller? We would certainly think it strange if some mighty king should be continually seeking to degrade some poor insignificant man in the kingdom. It is no less strange that this king of American colleges (in their own opinion) should be so continually trying to injure us, a poor little "freshwater college." We cannot understand it.

They certainly do not act so because they are jealous. Persons are very seldom jealous of those inferior to them. They cannot be naturally so hard-hearted as to take delight in imposing on us, just because we are little; for this is the part of a braggart. They cannot be so cruel as to want to crush the life out of college just struggling to keep alive. They do not treat the other little colleges in this way.

Now we know that it would be very humiliating to Yale, to be accused of jealousy, but we fear, if she persists in her present course, though we ourselves make no accusation, that others may bring this charge against her. You simply attract more attention to us, and when others come to consider what we are and what we have done; when they glance over our list of distinguished alumni; when they consider that the history of Princeton is intertwined with the history of our country; when they remember what she has done for the cause of liberty, for the cause of education; when they know that thirty colleges obtained their presidents from among her children; that one hundred professors have been trained by her; that fifty senators learned to love their country from her teachings; that twenty foreign ambassadors love her as their alma mater; that thirty governors and eight judges of the supreme court were taught justice here; and especially when they consider that we ranked as the third college in the country before any improvements were made here, and when they begin to ask where does she stand *now*, with the President and Faculty she has, and with such life infused into her by her singular good fortune; then, we fear, some may think they have discovered the cause of her ill-feeling toward us. Be this as it may, we think it is the duty of each of the institutions of learning to assist the others. Let no one be forced below its level, but let all press forward, not with envious rivalry, but with generous emulation, in the great cause of Education.

Far from us was the intention of widening the separation between Yale and Princeton by this piece; we rather wish that Princeton and Yale may stand side by side, neither seeking to degrade the other, but each one striving to out-do the other in generous actions and in noble deeds.

THE LATEST!—The Senior Class after *mature* deliberation determined to reconsider their resolution concerning *Class Day*.

They have determined to have one, and the following are the arrangements:

Committee of Arrangements—Waller, Chm., Mellier, Hazelhurst, Sloan, Swan.

Editors of the Nassau Herald—Porter, Chm., Baltzell, Stahl, Wells.

Class Orator—Frank H. Mills, Kansas.

Class Poet—Chas. D. Crane, N. J.

Ivy Orator—Nath. Ewing, Jr., Penna.

Library Orator—William McKibbin, Penna.

Presentation Orator—Tom. A. Jobs, N. J.

Historian—G. K. Ward, N. Y.

After the festivities of Class Day shall have been celebrated, the members of "the last of the '60s" will separate; some of us to meet again at commencement, some of us to meet again—*never*.